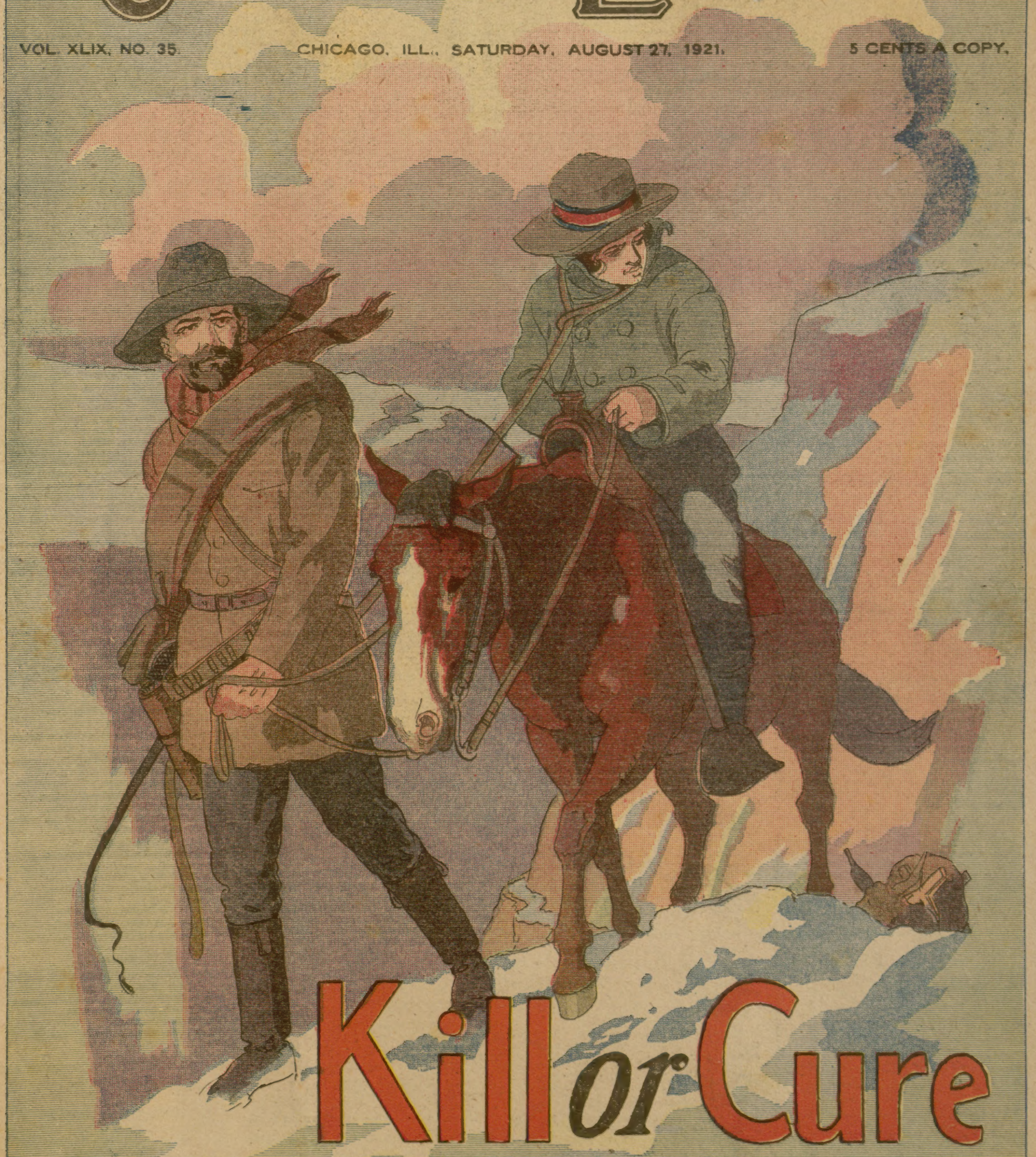
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIX, NO. 35. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1921. 5 CENTS A COPY.



Kill or Cure

The Story Of A Strange Elopement

by the author of "UNITED LOOTERS, INC."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1921, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. XLIX. AUGUST 27, 1921. NO. 35.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

Observed by the Observer

Little Escapes Him as He Wanders About

IN SAUNTERING about the streets, I observe that the female sex are gradually returning to the forty-nine-cent corset. This is good news, as it allows the husband to return to the ten-cent cigar.

—

I saw a boy, 12 years old, on the street the other day measuring the height of half a dozen lads. On inquiry, I learned that he was an undertaker's son. It's the early bird which catches the worm.

—

The observer has always observed that banana peels and orange skins are always more plentiful in front of a delicatessen store. No hit at the doctors, but it just happens so.

—

There is a law in Oklahoma which says that no man can enter a church with a pipe or a cigar in his mouth. This reduces the congregation to women only.

—

I have observed a house-painter on a ladder. He always stops work while I observe. I would sit still for an hour at a time, if I had the time.

—

Farmers tell me that there is going to be a great scarcity of the huckleberry crop, this year, but that don't scare me one bit. We always pull thru by the aid of a cucumber and the summer squash.

—

I have noticed that the man who loses twenty-five cents makes just as much fuss about it as if he had lost a dollar. He has saved seventy-five cents and still he howls.

—

The board of health in a town in Ohio commanded the muzzle for dogs. The dog-owners rebelled and muzzled the board, and the dogs are running about with the inhuman contrivance.

—

German statistics show that nine hundred and forty-seven German soldiers lost their noses in the late war. Blow ye winds high-ho! But these nine hundred and forty-seven can't blow their noses.

—

I observe that more than five thousand divorce cases have been filed since the war. It's one thing to love a soldier in uniform, and another thing to love him as a citizen.

—

I have been looking for the hired girl and the kerosene can for three years past, but have not been able to find them. Did the hired girl finally get it thru her head that the kerosene can was full of tricks? If she went anywhere where the explosion took place, where did she go?

—

I haven't observed anything of late about that monster telescope which was to show us the people of Mars. Perhaps they objected to being seen and that was modest of them.

—

A farmer near Springfield, Ill., wanted some new teeth. He knocked some out of the mouth of a dead horse, and can now eat his oats and hay just as well as any equinine in the country. This hint will probably be acted upon in other places.

—

I have observed that a man working on the roof of a building in New York will draw a greater crowd than Moody and Sankey ever did. He is just working and the crowd is there to see what he is working at.

—

I have observed and made sure of the fact, that there isn't but one manufacturer in the whole United States who does not belong to a syndicate, and that man is a publisher of Bibles and hymn books. He refuses to swindle the great Omnipotent, but will probably come to it sooner or later.

—

I have observed that Sam Untermyer censures the courts for not sending grafters to prison, but he don't seem to understand that all the grafters thus far sent there have opened offices in prison and are doing business the same as formally.

—

When a man falls down on the sidewalk, and attempts to get up without assistance, he uses just as much power as he would to walk three miles. Then why don't he stay down until a policeman comes along and lifts him up? All of us are too prone to act upon impulse.

—

I observed that the habit of chewing gum has been on the wane ever since the war. People have found that the splinters of the gum stick in their teeth and often produce serious results. It is better to chew the cud of reflection.

M. QUAD.

Cigarette

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

It's Toasted

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

The Why of the "Polka Dot."

THE following is from a trade journal, answers Lord Northcliffe's recent query, "Why is a polka dot?"

In the early part of the nineteenth century in a little town in Poland a Bohemian dancing professor learned a new dance by watching the peasant girls. He introduced it in Prague in 1835 and called it the "polka." The dance became the rage and, sweeping thru Vienna, Paris and London, got to the United States at the time Mr. Polk was running for President. Enterprising merchants made the most of this coincidence, and immediately there were polka hats, polka shoes, polka gloves and polka dots. The polka dot alone survived. It is stylish because it is founded on a correct principle—spots imposed at proper intervals on a contrasting background.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Taking No Chances.

The street faker expressed disgust with the crowd of pikers standing around him. "Why," he exclaimed witheringly, "I'll bet you fellows aren't sports enough to offer me 50 cents for this bright, new dollar bill."

"I will," piped up a ragged urchin.

"All right," said the faker. "Hand over the 50 cents."

"Take it out of the buck an' hand me the change," said the urchin, who wasn't taking any chances.

Changed for the Worse.

"Ethel, can't you tell us the shape of the world?" asked teacher, dear, encouragingly.

"Yessum; it's in a pretty bad shape just now," replied the precocious child, who had heard her daddy say a few things at home.

Rubbing It In.

She (bitterly)—My parents literally sold me to you.

He (still more bitterly)—You needn't twit me with my unfortunate financial investment.

Horrid Thing.

SHE—I never expected to work like this when I married you.

He—You didn't, eh? Well, I figured that you had become habituated to it. You know you worked pretty hard to get me.

Her Old Habit.

Medium—I hear the knocking of your late wife.

Patron—That so? Who's she knocking now?

Not Enough for Two.

"Why did you quit smoking?" asked Bolt.

"Had to," answered Nutt. "Since smoking has become fashionable my wife decided she would have to do it, too, and I cannot afford to support two smokers on my salary."

Her Last, Probably.

"Agnes going to marry that man? Why, I thought he was only a chance acquaintance."

"He was; but he's a chance she's willing to take."

His Quitting Time.

Senior Partner—Is that new clerk a young man who watches the clock?

Junior Partner—No, but I've noticed that he watches the stenographer. As soon as she begins powdering her nose he puts up the books.

Still in Danger.

The Rector—And now, I suppose, you are out of danger?

Parishioner—Well, zur, not exactly; the doctor says 'e be a-comin' one or two more times.

Used to That.

Ifton—I hear wireless telephones may be a commercial possibility within the very near future.

Prapston—I wonder if the exchanges will then tell us that the air is busy.

It Was Something Else.

"Many a man has acquired a reputation for wisdom by merely saying the same thing over again."

"True."

"But it wasn't 'Here's how.'"

Better Authority.

"It was Shakespeare, wasn't it, who said 'Sweet are the uses of adversity?'"

"Shakespeare may have said it originally, but I heard it from a lawyer who had pocketed 65 per cent of an estate."

She Wasn't Convinced.

Salesman—Another advantage of this machine, madam, is that it is fool proof.

Sweet Thing (placidly)—No doubt, to the ordinary kind. But you don't know my husband.

At the Circus.

"Auntie, what's that?"

"That, William, is a giraffe. Hasn't he got a long neck?"

"Yessum—gee—I'd hate to hafta wash a neck that long or have sore throat in it!"

"Yes, dear, but think of how good it would make ice cream taste."

Confessed Inability.

MISS D'AUBER—Did Kritix comment favorably on any of your pictures in the exhibit?

Miss Psmear—It was impossible. He said that the excellence of some of the work was beyond praise. Mine must have been in that class. He didn't praise it.

Her Desire.

"Did you hear that Maud talks of getting married again?"

"What, after having three husbands who either went crazy or turned out worthless?"

"Yes; she says she desires a safe and sane fourth."

No Doubt About It.

Walter found his mamma talking to a very stout woman.

"Walter," said his mother, "this is your great-aunt."

"Yes," said Walter, gazing at her ample proportions, "she looks it!"

The Effect of Environment.

"Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken? It tastes like it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"It must be. Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one is."

Love's Itinerary.

J. B. thinks a novel idea for some novelist would be to begin a story with its hero and heroine meeting in Friendship, N. Y.; then have them journey successively to Love, Va.; Kissimee, Fla.; Ring, Ark.; Parson, Ky., and finally settle down in Home, Pa.

Brain Teasers.

Diamond.

137—My first is in both.
My second in anger.
My third is full of courage.
My fourth enjoyed Paradise.
My fifth is in Haven.

Summer Fun Squares.

(1)

138—My first we do at the seashore.
My second is wet sport.
My third is a thought.
My fourth gives us strength.

(2)

My first we do in the country.
My second is enclosed space.
My third is given for a little while.
My fourth is a girl's name.

(3)

My first we do in vacation time.
My second is good to tramp along.
My third is a girl's name.
My fourth is a cycle of time.

A Summer Adage.

139— —ll w—rk —nd n— pl—y
m—k—s J—ck — d—ll b—y.

Enigma.

140—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 12-1-4 are a girl's name.
My 3-7-2-9 form an outer covering.
My 11-6-8-5 form an herb.
My 10 is a vowel.
My whole is a time all boys and girls have.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

133—Charade.

Seaweed.

134—Hidden Names.

Maud, Mary, Anne.

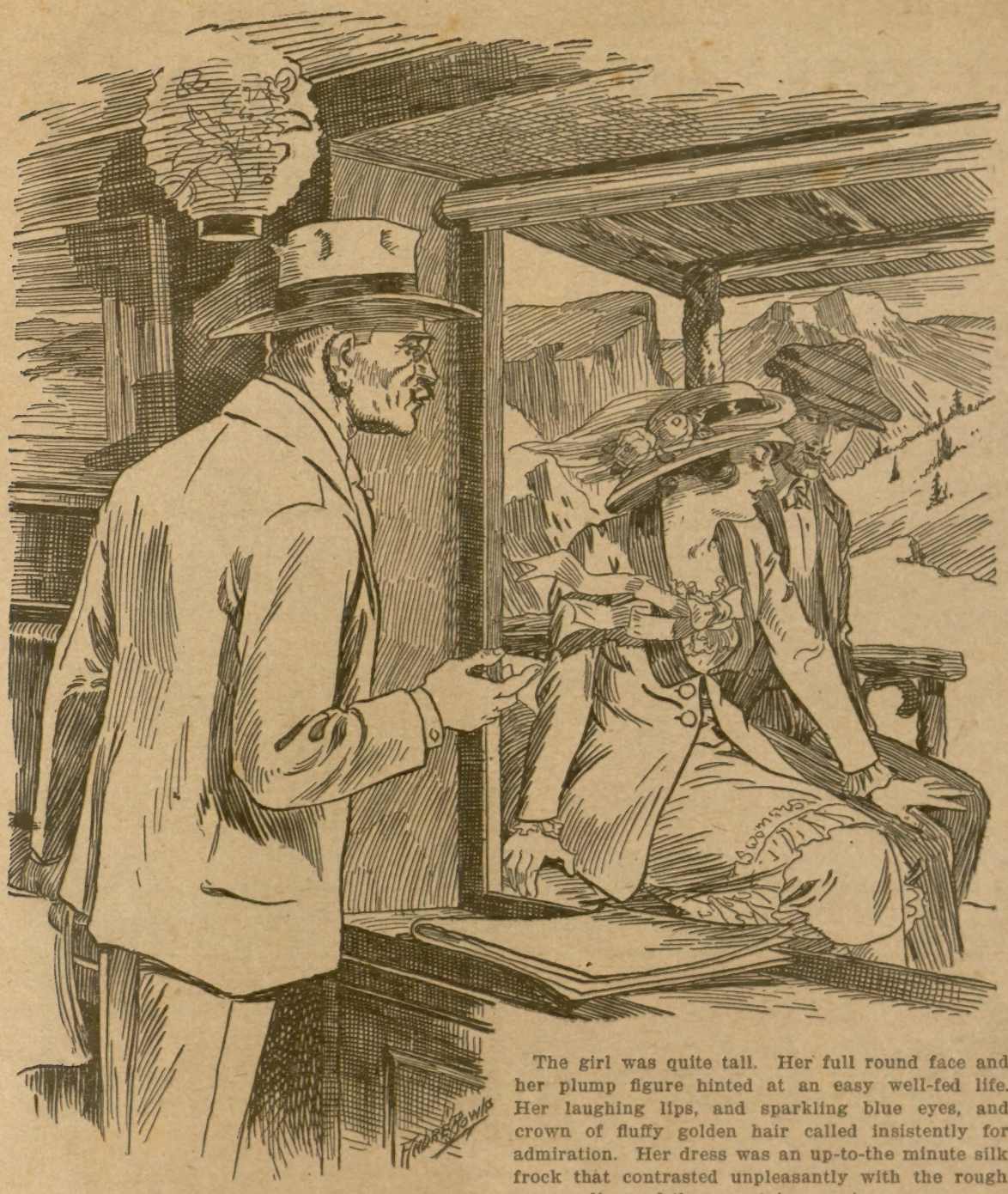
135—Enigma.

Niagara Falls.
Nag—Inn—A—Gila—All—Riga—Ass—Falls—An—Lass—Lag—Sail.

136—Four-word Square.

B E E T
E A C H
E C H O
T H O U

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.



"A No-account Butterfly!" He Muttered. "Not a Thought in Her Pretty Head, Except for Dancin' an' Fancy Dresses, an' Cigarette-smokin' Kids."

Kill or Cure

By Ralph Cummins

"BEDROCK" SNIVELEY dragged his troubled eyes from the couple on the hotel porch, and read again the bulky letter that he had just taken from the queer foreign envelope, the last paragraph of which was as follows:

So I'm coming back, old pard, together with the war and my curiosity to see a wild tiger; I've put in five years that I might have spent in the hills—with you. But I suppose that wonderful girl that you used to rave about is grown up now, and you have to live in a house and sleep on springs. Well, I'll drag you away from her for a spell, and we'll catch a few trout and make a try for bear. Gee—won't it be great to tramp the old hills again! So look out for me, old-timer, for I'm sure on my way.

DAVE HERD.

As he read, the worry on Snivelely's rugged face slipped away, and a hint of warming crow's feet appeared around his deep gray eyes. He looked out thru the window of the resort hotel to the black ribbon of the highway that wound around the base of the fir-covered mountain, and the crow's feet deepened into a boyish wistfulness.

Then his eyes dropped reluctantly to a girl and a young man sitting very close together on the rustic bench in the porch, and his wide bony shoulders sagged as with a punishing blow.

"A no-account butterfly!" he muttered. "Not a thought in her pretty head except for dancin' an' fancy dresses, an' cigarette-smokin' kids."

As Sniveley's lanky form slipped deeper into his chair the couple on the porch rose with an abruptness that evidenced decision.

The girl was quite tall. Her full round face and her plump figure hinted at an easy well-fed life. Her laughing lips, and sparkling blue eyes, and crown of fluffy golden hair called insistently for admiration. Her dress was an up-to-the minute silk frock that contrasted unpleasantly with the rough surroundings of the mountain resort.

The girl's companion was a well-built, black-haired young fellow, with sleepy eyes and heavy lips. He was carefully dressed and carefully attentive to the girl.

As Sniveley glared at the young man the girl ran skipping into the big room where the old man sat.

"Mr. Ravenal and I are going for a ride," she said lightly. "Don't wait for me at dinner—we may stop in town and go to the movies."

Sniveley pulled his gaze from the man, walking toward a big blue roadster, and swallowed with an effort.

"Just a minute, Ethie," he mumbled as the girl turned to go. His voice trembled, and as if he realized that he was nearly engulfed in a flood of emotion, he gripped the arm of his chair and moistened his lips with his tongue. "I—I wish you wouldn't go—with that Rav—Ravlins guy—he's——"

"Why, dad!" She ran back to him and threw her arms about his neck. "Why, you old silly—you don't expect me to just naturally die around your old resort, do you?"

"I—I'm awful sorry," The old man seemed to grow older as he spoke. "I kinda thought you'd like to come up here huntin' with me—but you don't seem to take no interest in th' mountains. An' —I wish you wouldn't run around with that young fellow—somehow he don't stack up like a man that——"

"Oh, don't worry about it, old dear!" she rumpled the faded remnant of his gray-brown hair and frowned with half angry impatience. "We never agree on those things, so why talk about them? All men can't be perfect like that Dave Herd partner of yours. If you didn't want me to love nice clothes, and dance, and associate with the best people, why did you make a lady out of me—why didn't you raise me in your darn old mountains?"

Bedrock Sniveley rose stiffly and faced his daughter.

"I've admitted lots of times that I went at things wrong," he said brokenly, "but you was all I had to spend my money on, an' somehow I didn't figure that you could be anything but like your mother."

"Oh, I've heard all that before. Well, if my mother was content to tramp the mountains with you, I'm not. I hate your old mountains—and if I'm to stay in this hole a month I'm going to see people and get out."

She whirled and ran thru the door. Sniveley made a step as if to follow her, then he returned heavily to his chair.

"An' I wanted to tell her that Dave Herd was comin' back to the States. Say, I wish Dave was here right now—maybe she'd like him—but they ain't much chance of Dave seein' anything in a butterfly like her."

He picked up the letter and read it again. His furrowed face softened. Then his anxious gaze wandered down to where young Ravenal was sprawled in the roadster smoking a cigarette.

"First thing I know she'll be runnin' away with that thing!" he muttered. "An' then——"

Again he peered at the letter in his hand. His eyes widened quickly, then closed to a strange hardness. Slowly he moistened his lips with his tongue and stroked the letter with wistful tenderness. With a sudden grunt of decision he replaced the letter in the foreign envelope, and poked it carefully into his pocket. With deliberate movements he walked across the hotel office and to the telephone booth.

When he came from the telephone some time later there was a new look of fighting determination upon his rugged face. He smiled as he drew out a big corncob pipe and a sack of tobacco.

"Them detectives come high," he grumbled. "But, by Joe, I gotta save my little girl."

II.

ETHEL SNIVELEY'S mother had died when she was a month old. She had spent the first fifteen years of her life with a maiden aunt in the East, while her father wandered thru many mining adventures with Dave Herd. And when finally Dave Herd and her father had struck it, and had made a million overnight, Ethel was dumped—overnight—from a drab New England strictness into a mansion home in Los Angeles, and surrounded with everything that money could buy.

In five years a doting mountaineer father and all the money that she could spend had done a good job of spoiling Ethel Sniveley. She had learned to love expensive clothes, had acquired a distaste for anything that had the appearance of useful work, and had formed habits of living that nearly drove her troubled father to tears.

Old Sniveley's money and her own beauty and sprightly girlishness, won for Ethel a ready place in an exclusive set of young candle-burners. Her father's troubles consisted principally in dealing with the swarm of fortune-hunting vultures that surrounded the girl. The old miner soon became quite expert in bargaining with Ethel's suitors. The highest price that he had to pay during the last year was one hundred dollars and a ticket to New York.

Carter Ravenal was of a type that could impress Ethel Sniveley only in the atmosphere of a mountain camp. Possibly at home among her own friends she would have paid no particular attention to him. But with no other men around, and bored to the limit by uninteresting surroundings, she had allowed the romance of twenty to listen to the young man's languid lovemaking.

For two weeks now Ethel had been conscious of a change in her father's bearing toward her and toward her actions. After that final outburst against Ravenal on the night that she had insisted on going down to the little mountain town to a movie, Sniveley had not once objected to her plans. At first Ethel had been content to take advantage of this absence of restraint and Ravenal's love affair made rapid progress as a result. Then she found herself worrying vaguely over her father's lack of interest in her. Had she not been just a little fascinated by the drawling Ravenal, she might have been troubled more, for she loved her father.

Then she discovered the reason for Sniveley's calm inaction, and if anything could have driven the spoiled head-strong girl to a reckless course, the knowledge that she was being consistently watched would have done it.

And on the heels of her discovery that another car had followed the blue roadster on the hundred-mile trip across the mountain range to Walker City, she made a still more startling find.

It occurred on the night that Ravenal made his final plea—the plea that gained a grudging acceptance and was followed by tentative plans for an elopement. That interesting scene took place upon

(Continued on Page 14.)

The State Welds a Ring of Steel About Chalmers and Answers the Question:

WHERE WAS CHALMERS AT 10 P.M.?

By GRIFFITH YORK

CHAPTER VI.

THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

AT LAST Archibald Chambers, whose strange and baffling case was to cause, perhaps, more breakfast table arguments than any city happening of small or large degree, was on trial for murder.

Close upon three months Chalmers had been locked in the county jail. And close upon three months had speculation been rife as to the outcome of his trial. Those there were who vehemently proclaimed that it could have but one outcome—the acquittal of Chalmers. Yet those there were who scornfully and equally vehemently proclaimed that Chalmers would hang, and hang high, as befitted the member of an aristocracy that reverted to the barbarity of his ancestors. And there was big Jim Clancey, the former saloonkeeper of the stockyards district who smilingly made books on everything from rainfall to murder trials—Big Jim Clancey who had a strange facility for outguessing the other man—of predicting the outcome of such tricky things as trials for life—who for two weeks had been offering two to one that Archibald Chalmers would either hang or go down to Joliet for no less than ten long years. The papers which at one time had been more or less evenly divided as to Chalmers' guilt, now that the trial was about to begin, were more cautious in their captions, yet less parsimonious in the use of their red ink, for the trial of a society silk stocking makes for good news. There were court fans who predicted a trial lasting a week, and there were other court fans who ruefully declared that the trial would last not more than two days at the most.

But of all these who said and thought and spoke and took bets and printed, there was a third division who said nothing, who curbed their imagination, who took no bets and made none, who knew, in other words, that the thing to be expected in a trial for murder is nothing other than the unexpected.

The last of the jurymen had been accepted at noontime. The courtroom was packed, not a seat being vacant. Outside, a brisk light afternoon snow was drifting against the window panes, for it was only April; spring was still in the offing, and belated March was still roaring up and down the streets. Yet the chill blasts of the end of winter had not deterred the city crowds from turning out in full force, for the expectant visages of old court fans mingled with the slightly supercilious faces of men with gold-headed canes and women with rich furs and bonnets from Michigan boulevard and Lake Shore drive.

Some, it could be perceived, saw only that one of the city's youngest and best known society men was to be tried for his life; while others, it was plain, saw only the interesting clash that must ensue for such a rich prize as a silk stocking's freedom between Ballmeier—"Blue Bow" Ballmeier—who had hanged Eckeburg, Cooley, Kane, Johnson and a whole score of alleged murderers, and David Crosby, a former associate of the Great Weidekamp, an unknown who either thru a lucky fluke or sprouting ability had successfully cleared Stanley Talcott of the famous bond theft case.

It was a handsome prize, this auburn-haired youth of 29 that the State was about to demand. Dressed in the height of fashion in carefully pressed, glovelike blue serge suit and neatly tied blue silk four-in-hand tie, Archibald Chalmers made a striking figure as he sat at the big table next to his counsel and listened tensely to Ballmeier's opening address to the jury, his coppery red hair set off by a skin as perfect milk white and smooth as that of a young girl's, his eyes of straight fearless blue riveted upon the man whose famous blue bow proclaimed flauntingly to the world a sinister message—a message that the defendant in this case must and would go back of stone walls for life or swing off into space at the end of a hempen noose.

For Ballmeier was wearing his famous blue bow tie!

"Blue Bow" Ballmeier they had first begun to call him back in 1908, when he had first climbed into the Assistant State's Attorneyship, and some one had fortuitously discovered that in each case where Ballmeier had gotten his man, so to speak, he had been wearing that famous blue bow which had been his notice to the world that the case was his. To be sure, there had been instances where Ballmeier had gotten his man when he hadn't been certain enough to wear his blue bow tie, and there had even been other instances, rare, of course, where he had lost his prize even tho the blue bow had proclaimed that the prize was his. But these, as it has been remarked, were rare—and the blue bow was a symbolic message to those who frequented the courts. It meant that Ballmeier's smile was real, instead of feigned. It meant that Ballmeier's psychical brow was unruffled. It meant that Ballmeier had already added a peg to his belt upon which to hang a new professional scalp.

He made an odd, incongruous figure as he stood at the prosecutor's side of the lawyers' table, addressing the jury, composed of the usual heterogeneous twelve men, comprising everything from the sodden, stupid-looking laborer's face, to the sharp keen physiognomy of the young professional man. In age, 48 or 49, his short hair showing streaks of iron gray. Head bullet-like, set low on his shoulders; little short squat body; vest wrinkled and heavy gold watch chain clanking across his breast; hand pudgy—a bit clammy and moist, one might imagine—a ponderous gold ring bedecking his right hand little finger. Eyes a bit squinty, but keen, dangerous, snapping, intensified by that alert forward thrust of the head as tho trying to ferret out his opponent's moves, and underneath the stocky neck with its folds of flesh in the back the cocky little blue bow set in its low collar.

And the strange gamut of unlike faces, defendant, prosecutor, jury and audience, was completed by that of Judge Lockhart, who with his rather stern face made even more stern by his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and their long black silk cord, gazed down thoughtfully, chin in hand, listening to the opening arguments of the man with the blue bow tie.

CROSBY, sitting next to his client at the long polished table, gazed curiously around him at the crowded courtroom. He was wondering about two things. Strangely, for the first time in the several days he had surveyed that sea of faces, it was borne in to his consciousness that the upper key of the octave was at last close to being sounded for him, that from that lower C where he had stood up as a clumsy, ill-clad lout in a spider-webbed, white-washed courtroom in a country town to plead for his first client who was all the time innocent, he sat at last at high C, lawyer for the defense, in a big city courtroom, jammed to the walls and with a potential millionaire as a client. With all his faculties concentrated on Ballmeier and the latter's opening speech, he found himself still wondering if it were all true, all real, if it were a fact that into his hands had come the defense of Archibald Chalmers—no acquittal, no fee—and an ocean yacht for a fee! Truly—the octave of C was a long, long octave, musicians notwithstanding. And it held many an odd flat and sharp.

And from this source of wonderment his eyes, resting absently on The Woman, brought his reflections, Ballmeier's speech notwithstanding, to that other source of puzzlement. Who was that veiled woman of 35 who sat sometimes in the first row, sometimes in the second, sometimes in the third—but never out of earshot of every word? His own ears taking in every word of Ballmeier's address, his mind persisted in straying back to the interminable three-day period in which they had picked the jury, exhausting panel after panel, and from the calling of the first venireman to the accepting of the twelfth juryman always was she there, immovable, chin in hand. Back of the black thick veil her features were cut off from the stare of those around her, but he, standing on the steps of the Criminal Court Building, that first morning after the picking of the jurymen had begun, had seen that patrician face as she stepped from the vestibule and raised the all-concealing veil for a moment to signal a taxicab. Thirty-five she undoubtedly was, no more and hardly less. The features refined, the nose and chin and lips those of a delicately reared woman. Eyes a light hazel, and hair a chestnut brown. He saw her now as, while Ballmeier punctuated his remarks by emphatic gestures of his arm, she leaned forward in her tastily made fur-trimmed suit, the tip of one dainty shoe peeping forth from her skirts, and he fancied that beneath the hazy veil he could discern red lips half parted, lips that drank in every word that was being said to these twelve men, sworn to uphold the law of the land.

And it persisted in irritating him, the never broken presence of this veiled woman. Was she watching the defense to win, or was she with the prosecution waiting to see Rupert Van Slyke avenged? Or was she perhaps only a morbid curiosity seeker, hoping to receive that emotional feast which those of that type can derive from a murder trial? Almost the first to arrive in the courtroom in the morning, so the bailiff had smilingly told Crosby. And the last to leave it after the day's wrangling over the jurymen was ended. Truly it appeared that there was one of that densely packed audience who intended to follow the trial with all the absorption that must characterize those who conducted it.

But Crosby's reveries were suddenly broken into by what he knew were Ballmeier's last words.

"And so I say to you gentlemen," he pronounced, "the State will produce competent witnesses to prove not only the presence of the motive of this skulking crime, but will prove as well that this man Chalmers who refused to talk at his preliminary examination and arrest, was at that point on the night of Jan. 21 when the shot was fired. And when the State has produced its last piece of evidence, there will be no course left to a jury of intelligent thinking men but to bring

A Strange Advertisement

was the one which

AL LIPKE, big-time crook and Beau Brummel of the underworld, inserted in a Chicago newspaper. Its mystifying call ran—

> WANTED, 1,200 MEN WITH SUITcases, aged from 18 to 60, any nationality or race, to work thirty minutes at simple, easy and interesting employment one morning during coming days from 7:30 to 8 A. M. No education required. No canvassing. $10 to each man. WATCH THIS SPACE CAREFULLY FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Yet almost equally as strange was the shorter one which he inserted by telegraph in a New York newspaper, for the lines ran—

> WANTED AT ONCE: PERFORMER who can do a feat of any kind that cannot be duplicated. As high as $1,000 will be paid for one performance. Ask for Mr. Cloyd, Hotel McAlpin, Saturday, at or after 1 P. M. only.

But there was method in Lipke's scheme—there was always method—and the reason for his ads was to be found, were one astute enough to guess it, in the fact that

ARCHIBALD CHALMERS, Chicago's red-haired society idol, was in jail charged with the crime of murder and in danger of being swung off into space at the end of a hempen noose.

What results did the advertisements bring? On the day the shorter one appeared in the New York papers Lipke himself was in New York safely hidden under the name of "Mr. Cloyd." And from many applicants he hired

GUS CHEVALO, a daredevil cyclist who had just perfected a feat unknown in circus circles—a double loop-the-loop on a bicycle in mid-air!

But what was the connection of all this with Archibald Chalmers?

The author promises us that if we will follow him back five full years to the tiny town of Brossville, Kansas, we shall glimpse the very events themselves which brought about all this; that we shall thus meet

DAVID CROSBY, a young and self-righteous lawyer. And the author shows us the dramatic day in the Brossville courtroom when David Crosby, smug and self-sufficient, allowed his sweetheart,

LINDELL TRENT, to go to the penitentiary, charged with stealing a diamond ring from the woman who employed her as a sewing girl, simply because he would not put up a man's fight for her, but gave the jury a whimpering plea for mercy full of big words.

But, as they say, the truth will out. Exactly six months later, the woman who had helped to send brown-eyed Lindell Trent to the penitentiary confessed on her deathbed that she had lied because she was jealous of her husband's attentions to the pretty sewing girl. And Crosby, sick at heart, took the train that night for the prison. He found Lindell Trent gone, snatched from him by a secret pardon from the Governor, and gone into the heart of Australia to live with an unknown uncle. This was the last he heard of Lindell Trent.

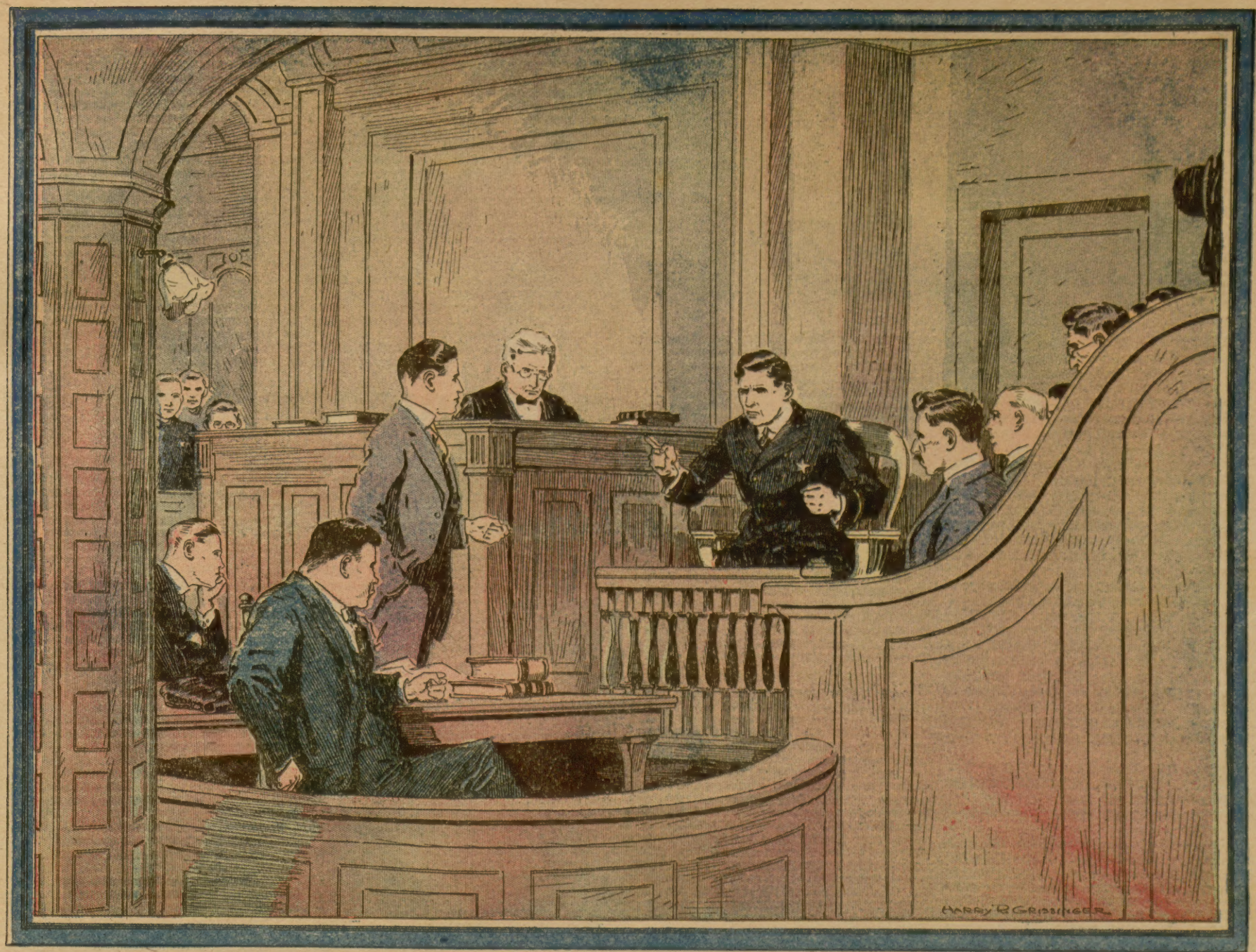
That is—until two years later when, according to a sealed bottle found floating in mid-ocean, it developed that English Eddy Courney, an international sneak-thief, had escaped the vessel to avoid capture for a bank robbery and had died on a South Sea island; and among his loot taken in his flight was Lindell Trent's meshbag, which bore her name and her new whereabouts in Australia. At once David Crosby, now a clerk with Weidekamp, a famous Chicago criminal lawyer, went to San Francisco and haunted the ship chandlers. He found that the cost of searching the South Seas for the tiny island and the meshbag would be in the neighborhood of $22,500 for the ship and outfit.

Still two years later, Archibald Chalmers, a Chicago society man, was arrested in his bachelor flat on the south side, charged wth having murdered his enemy,

RUPERT VAN SLYKE, a society man and sportsman, at exactly 10 o'clock the night before. He refused absolutely to make any statement or explanation other than that he had an alibi; so the police held him. When he cast about for a young and brilliant criminal lawyer, his old family lawyer advised him to secure the services of David Crosby, who had climbed up from a Kansas farm to a strong position in criminal law. This Chalmers did, but again refused to give his attorney any explanation as to whether—he was guilty or innocent. Knowing something of Crosby's life story, however, he promised the latter, if he were cleared, the complete use of an expensive oil-burning ocean yacht which he expected to inherit from his uncle, Peter Chalmers of Omaha, together with about a half million dollars in other property. Crosby, desperately anxious to start on his long delayed search of the South Seas for Lindell Trent's meshbag, accepted the strange conditions and began to prepare Chalmers' defense.

—

This story began in No. 32, the Ledger for August 6. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.



in one verdict. And that verdict, I have no hesitation whatever in predicting, will be murder in the first degree. The State has finished."

Crosby, with a reassuring smile to the pinkfaced clubman at his elbow who leaned forward with a pained expression on his face, rose to his feet. His own speech was so short as to cause audible comment among those assembled in the courtroom. His return to his chair was almost like the period to a pungent sentence.

"Gentlemen, the State alleges it will prove certain matters of motive, opportunity and what not. All the motives in the world to commit a murder, all the opportunity, are not worth a tissue paper nickel if the man accused of the crime was not at the scene of the crime, and if the witnesses who so testify cannot be shaken. Rupert Van Slyke, my client's former friend and one-time college mate whom he is accused of having shot dead at 10 o'clock in the evening of Jan. 21 last, was undoubtedly murdered, we'll all agree. But if my honorable confrere here can prove that a gun has been invented which will shoot a bullet some eight and a half miles around a number of twists and turns, down some stairways and up again, I make a personal request of you that you hang Archibald Chalmers to the highest gallows in the county jail, for only with that invention in firearms, as the defense will prove, could Archibald Chalmers have murdered Rupert Van Slyke."

He sat down. It was a bold and dramatic speech. The defendant winced visibly. The jury stiffened up and looked just a little more interestedly at this young erect man in the tweed suit who gave his address with such a daring form of expression. The onlookers in the courtroom shifted their positions in pleased expectancy. Evidently there was to be a battle of testimony as well as wits.

THE first witness called by Ballmeier was an undersized thin little man, slightly bald on top, and with a cringing, anxious air about him. He ascended the stand with an apologetic servile mien such as characterizes the underlings of rich men. In answer to the usual preliminary questions he gave the name of Joseph Smalley and his occupation as that of waiter at the Sportsmen's Club on Plymouth court.

"Where were you on the night of Jan. 14, between the hours of 8 in the evening and 12 midnight?"

"I was at the Sportsmen's Club carrying on my duties, sir."

"Is It Your Custom to Keep Detectives Working for You That Are Crooked?"

"What's It to You," Snarled Krenway, "What My Department Does?"

"Never mind the sir. Will you name to the jury two men concerned in this trial who are members or were members of the Sportsmen's Club?"

"I'm thinking, sir, you mean Mr. Van Slyke who was murdered, and Mr. Chalmers who is on trial."

"Will you tell the jury in your own words what you heard take place that night between these two men?"

Joseph Smalley turned toward the jury. "I was on my way to the parlor about 9 o'clock carrying a tray of ices for some visiting ladies. Pat O'Brien, the check boy, was coming my way, passing me at the same instant. I was just going past the open door of the smoking-room. I caught sight of Mr. Van Slyke and Mr. Chalmers standing alone by the big window, facing each other as tho they were angry, had had a fight or something. I heard Mr. Chalmers say: 'Van Slyke, you ought to be killed, and for the price of a Mexican postage stamp, I'd put a bullet thru your skull.'" Smalley stopped. "That's all, I guess."

Asked Ballmeier: "You hurried on then with your ices, and heard no more?"

Smalley nodded, half to the jury. "I —I couldn't stand in the door and gape at a gentleman's quarrel, sir—It—it wouldn't be right, sir. I went on to the parlor with the ices for the ladies."

Ballmeier stood thinking, his lips pursed up. Then he stifled a yawn—whether real or assumed there was no telling. "Witness for the State excused," he said suddenly and abruptly, and to the obvious surprise of the onlookers sat down in his chair after having questioned his witness only three short minutes.

Crosby, hands in pockets, gazing out of the window, began his examination. He appeared nonchalant, even bored with his task. He made no attempt to elicit any contradictions in the very simple story told by the waiter. Indeed, his first question appeared to have no connection whatever with the incident Smalley had related.

"What are your earnings as waiter at the present time at the Sportsmen's Club, Mr. Smalley?"

Smalley looked surprised. He half hesitated, then answered. "Sixty dollars a month and board, sir."

"What were they prior to Dec. 1, last year?"

Smalley looked puzzled. "They ran around one hundred dollars a month and board before that."

"This was due to the stringent antitipping rule instituted at the Sportsmen's Club by the committee in charge of its management, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was the chairman of that committee who induced them to pass a rule which cut forty dollars a month off your income?"

"Mr. Chalmers." There was an appreciably vindictive tone in the waiter's voice as he bit out the reply.

Ballmeier was springing to his feet like a shot. "That last question, your honor, is an insult to a credible witness," he bellowed. "I object."

"Objection sustained," said Judge Lockhart pleasantly. "I can't see that that should be interjected at all, Mr. Crosby."

Crosby gazed up at the bench. "Very well, your honor. I withdraw the question gladly." He gazed out of the window a long moment. Then turning to Smalley he smiled reassuringly at him. "Excused, Mr. Smalley," he said. His cross-examination had taken even less time than the three minutes consumed by Ballmeier.

The next witness was the Pat O'Brien, the checkroom boy of the Sportsmen's Club, alluded to by Smalley. He was a fresh-faced Irish boy of about 17, with blue eyes, coal black hair, and ruddy countenance that shone from a too generous application of soap. It was plain that his coat fit him too tightly, and his high collar bothered him. His story was a clearcut corroboration of that just told by Smalley. Concluding with him, Ballmeier flipped a paper over on his table. He smiled. "That's all, Pat. You're excused. Answer any question the attorney for the defense asks."

Again Crosby made no attempt to elicit either contradiction or discrepancy. Instead he braced his shoulders and took a good long breath. He wondered just how far he would get with his next question—his one and only line of logical attack—before Ballmeier, the ever watchful, would nip that same question in the bud. He didn't hope for an answer, but he had an idea that with the proper phrasing he could get near or even to the end of his query.

"Pat, did you ever get up and give a short speech at a certain private meeting held in the basement of the Sportsmen's Club on or about the 2nd of January and attended by every one of the employes of the club from the chambermaids down to checkboy—yourself—in which it was unanimously agreed and even computed that the employes of the club were being mulcted out of exactly sixty-six hundred dollars a year on account of the successful activities toward the abolishing of tipping instituted by Mr. Chalmers?"

Ballmeier's rise to his feet was that of a blue-hued skyrocket. His voice was the roar of a lion.

"Object, your honor. The defense is again inserting innuendoes regarding the motives of these trustworthy witnesses in testifying."

Lockhart spoke from the bench. "I don't see that I can allow the witness to answer a question such as that, Mr. Crosby. It suggests too strongly a motive of personal malice in the trial."

"I knew of an innocent defendant once, your honor," returned Crosby quietly, "who was sent to the penitentiary solely because the malice of the chief witness against her didn't creep out in the trial. But I withdraw the question which causes Mr. Ballmeier such perturbation." He waved his hand. "Excused." And he sat down, while Pat O'Brien hastily clambored down from the witness stand.

The prosecutor, aided by the judge, had won the two small preliminary tilts. A brief lull followed. Ballmeier shuffled with some papers.

"Building a powerful arch stone by stone, all right," said Crosby grimly to himself, "and preparing the foundation for his big strong keystone. Now what will it be and when will he lay it?"

But Ballmeier's dogged, unruffled mien, as he sat at the counsel's table, showed that if he were preparing to lay the keystone of the State's arch, it would be laid upon a sufficiently strong foundation to hold it from crashing to earth. Yet crash to earth it somehow must, and crash into fine fragments it somehow must, if ever the fast steam yacht, King Midas, were to scour the southern seas for the clew to Lindell Trent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "YELLOW DOG" EXHIBIT.

BALLMEIER'S next stone in his arch was one Mrs. Maude Ganniston, who described herself as a widow residing at 4018 North Oakley avenue, one door south of the old Van Slyke mansion in which Rupert Van Slyke had lived alone with a servant. Mrs. Ganniston was a plump woman of about forty-five, a little perturbed at testifying before all these people. Her story was to the effect that she had lived next to the Van

(Continued on Page 8.)

One More Thrill

by Carroll John Daly

I PAUSED, my cup to my lips. It seemed impossible that this healthy, rosy-cheeked man who smiled at me across the little restaurant could be Henry Livermore, the physical wreck I parted with some five years before. But it was; and I found my hand caught in a grip of iron as he dropped into a chair opposite me loudly demanding news of my wanderings.

"But you?" I gasped as I took in his appearance of abundant good health. "Why man! you were dying when I last saw you. Even the most sanguine specialists scarcely gave you a year, and now——"

"And now I look younger than you, eh? And feel younger, too, I'll warrant. Yes! And I'll be younger still," he went on, banging the table. "I am slowly dyeing my gray hair black. Then I'll be 40 instead of 60. Look it and feel it. It will be the old, wild life over again with a hearty laugh on the devil and his friends—the doctors." He laughed boyishly, throwing back his head in sheer enjoyment at my amazement.

"You certainly are in the pink of condition," I admitted. Then the wonder of the thing struck me.

"Tell me about it?" I questioned eagerly.

Henry Livermore leaned far back in his chair; blew large rings of smoke towards the ceiling; regarded them in thought, then tossing away the stub, lit another large black cigar, which years since had been forbidden. After regarding my bewilderment with keen satisfaction he announced, with some pride, that he had discovered the secret of life.

"The doctors all gave me up," he told me. "I think there were ten of them—all told. My heart was bad. My liver; well, I doubt if more than two admitted I possessed a liver. But all agreed, and some offensively, that my life had been one mad debauch; that I had played fast and loose with death and was some ten years over my time. There was one particularly offensive old quack, a nasty weazened little fellow that I had crossed in love in my younger days. 'You've had all the thrills in life,' he croaked. 'Now, you're going to die; die horrible. There is one thrill left—if you've got the nerve to take it.' And do you know, Charlie, my lad, the little scoundrel had the bad taste to open his window. There was no misunderstanding him. His office was on the fourteenth floor."

He shook his shoulders in horror at the recollection. Then he laughed.

"Saw him this morning—upon honor, Charlie. It took ten years from his life when he saw the playful way I prodded him with my stick."

"But how did you do this?" I brought him back to the subject.

"Began to think. Like all big minds, mine is most active under great strees. What a terrible thing it would be for me to lie down and die. No, no, I couldn't do it. It wouldn't be the expected thing. I could name a dozen ladies who would take to their bed at the thought of it. I must go out like a candle. Quick and sudden with perhaps an air of mystery about it. Jumping from a building—well, that had its good points, to be sure. But my looks; I believe I may say without conceit that I am somewhat handsome." He paused a moment, stroked his chin a bit, then continued:

"These thoughts of death; you might think were brought about by melancholia. Quite the contrary, they afforded me much pleasure. They thrilled me and so great was the fascination that I reached home without the aid of a stick.

"By the time I reached my study I had decided to take my life and had chosen the way, together with some little notes I would leave behind me. A dozen letters to some dear ladies with my love and devotion—that was all. These letters I sent my man out to mail. Unfortunately several ladies fainted before breakfast the following morning.

"Taking my revolver from my drawer, I entered my bedroom and sat before the mirror of my dressing table. The mirror before me and the revolver held tightly under my left ear, I prepared to watch my own death.

"As I watched myself I experienced surprise that the usual palor of my face had given away to a faint touch of color. My heart missed a beat—gave sudden, spasmodic jumps, as I watched the hammer rise to the tightening of my finger. Ah! But that was a moment. Every muscle in my body vibrated. A part of my leg which had been lifeless for months began to feel the rush of blood. Imagine it, Charlie. I was watching quick and sudden death—and that death was mine.

"I pressed harder. Saw the hammer rise, then fall with a sharp click. With that click a tremor shook my entire body. I was a new man. I had often played with death—but this time I had challenged death and won.

"Later I discovered that two bullets were missing from the revolver. Still I had given death the odds three to two and won. I won't go so far as to say that I was a well man at once, but I was a new one and within a year I was—as you see me now."

HE THREW his arms wide apart and tipping his chair far back against the wall awaited my admiration.

"Within a year you were a well man," I repeated slowly. Then the meaning of his words struck me. "You don't mean; you can't mean——"

"That I have played the same game since," he took the words out of my mouth. "Yes, I've played it since—a hundred times or more. Sometimes with one bullet—then again with three and once with four," he barely whispered this as he leaned across the table. "That was a night, Charlie," he continued, his eyes alight, "but I was like a boy after it. You see, I needed a new thrill. The old ones had long lost their powers."

"You don't mean to say that you go on with this?"

"I do," he tapped me on the shoulder. "You are the only one who knows and of course I trust my secret with my old and tried friend."

"Of course," I gulped, "but you are well again. There will be no need to continue with such——" I halted and looked for a word.

"Flirting with death is what I call it," he laughed. "Yes, and I'll have to keep at it till the devil holds the winning hand. If you look at the whole thing in a serious way, Charlie, my lad, you'll see that it couldn't cure my heart or my liver. I live on the excitement alone. Sometimes when a bad spell comes on I sit in front of the mirror for an hour or more. I put in one bullet, give the barrel a twist, then wait. If the thrill don't come I put in two. Later perhaps three. It takes nerve I tell you, to press that trigger. I had three in this morning. That's what makes me feel so chipper." He finished with pride.

That was my first talk with Henry Livermore, but not my last. He took my remonstrances good-naturedly and laughed at my many objections to the forcible means he had adopted as a cure.

Later he became irritable and in silent tactful consent we avoided the subject.

His spirits would rise and fall, during the next few months, so I seemed to know almost to the hour when he faced the gun opposite the mirror.

At last I formed a scheme to save my friend and when I discovered that he was "flirting with death" on the average of once a week, I decided to put my plan to the test without further delay. Henry had informed me that he never broke open his gun to see how close he had been to death. It was his habit to turn the barrel, leave the gun in its accustomed place till he next sat before the mirror. He would then remove the bullet or bullets for a "fresh start."

I HAD had some bullets made which exactly resembled his forty-fours both in size and weight, but they were harmless and would produce no more noise than the click of an empty chamber.

"Harry," I said to him one day at lunch, "I have become somewhat fascinated with this game of yours. Not that I wish to try it," I added hastily as he gave me a shrewd glance. "But I would like to see the thing done—just once." I shivered as I spoke the words and the shiver was not a piece of acting.

"Honor bright: You'd like to see it done. No interference, mind."

His delight at my interest overcame any suspicion that he might have entertained before I assured him that I would watch in silence.

A week later I dined at his apartment. After the meal he dismissed the manservant, announcing his willingness to satisfy my desire to see him fight his silent duel with the Devil.

"Would you do this thing tonight—anyway?" I questioned, nervously.

"I don't know," he knitted his brows. "I feel a bit bad and it will take but one more bullet to do the trick."

I was about to suggest delay—but only one bullet. Four to One. Surely he would come thru safely after so many attempts. It would be his last risk—and so well was his little room guarded that I might never receive the opportunity of placing the imitation bullets. It seemed my only chance. I felt sure that after the excitement I could very easily make the exchange. Four to One. I let things take their course.

His hand was steady and his eye clear as he placed a bullet in the pistol. A quick turn of the barrel, then he seated himself before the mirror, placing the revolver close behind his ear.

The sensations I experienced as I peered over his shoulder and into the glass are not describable.

Henry Livermore worked the hammer up and down slowly, his eyes steadfast upon his own shining orbs in the mirror. He seemed to have forgotten my presence entirely. His whole body trembled beneath the hand I held upon his shoulder.

Entranced, I watched the finger which worked the trigger. It paused a moment, then tightened. Slowly, oh, so slowly the hammer rose—and I knew that this was the period between life and death.

I raised my head and looked into the glass—looked full into the eyes of my friend.

A loud report shook the room and in that mirror I saw a soul go straight to hell.

That is all, gentlemen of the jury. It is unfortunate that I am the beneficiary under the will. I can but say, that if you convict me of murder an innocent man goes to the chair.

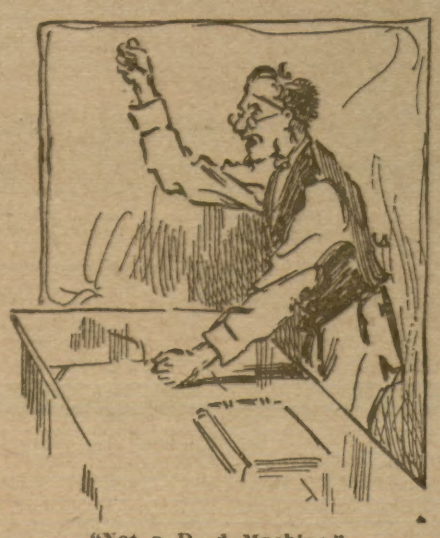
A Promotion for Merit

By Kennett Harris

THE senior partner of Wallis & Ehrmann said to the junior member of the firm: "Have you noticed how particularly chipper and independent old Batterbee has been in his manner lately?"

"Yes," replied Ehrmann, the junior. "He's acting too gay altogether. It's a little demoralizing to the office force. I guess we'd better fire him and give Tarkins his job."

"He's been with us close on to twenty



"Not a D—d Machine."

years, Ehrmann," said the senior, irresolutely, "and he's faithful and honest and—cheap. The old man might find it hard to get another job at his age."

"That's his lookout," said the dapper-like Ehrmann, blowing a speck of dust from his shirt cuff. "This isn't an eleemosynary institution. Tarkins is cheap, too, if you come to that. Who's there? Come in."

An elderly man in a threadbare office coat came into the room and laid three large canvas-bound books on a side table. Then he approached the desk and in a mild voice said: "I'd like to have a few minutes' talk with you gentlemen, if you are not too busily engaged."

"We're busy now, Mr. Batterbee," said the junior partner, snappishly. "Some other time. What are you bringing in the cash book and those ledgers for?"

"They have some bearing on the subject I wished to discuss with you, sir," said Mr. Batterbee, respectfully, but with a curiously steadfast look. "If you will excuse me, I think perhaps it would be well to take the matter up at once. It's rather important."

"Well, go ahead, Batterbee," said the senior partner, tolerantly. "Let him say what he has to say now, Ehrmann."

"Thank you sir," said the subordinate. "In the first place, I wish to call your attention to the fact that I have been in the employ of the house for twenty years."

"We know that," said Mr. Wallis. "In fact, we were just speaking of it. I had mentioned it to Mr. Ehrmann."

"Ah!" said Mr. Batterbee. "Yes! Well, during that time I think I may say that I have discharged my office duties with zeal, diligence, and intelligence. You will grant that, I hope?"

"Certainly," admitted Mr. Wallis.

"Nevertheless," continued Mr. Batterbee, "my salary at the present time is $25 per week, and considering that I have a family to support, and——"

"See here, Mr. Batterbee," said Mr. Ehrmann. "We can't help your having a family, you know. We're not to blame for that. And it isn't an eleemosynary insti——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Batterbee, with a dignified wave of the hand. "I am quite aware of the fact, but merit, perhaps——"

"Merit cuts no ice with the market price and the law of supply and demand."

"The books that I have brought in have been carefully examined by you, Mr. Ehrmann, at least once a month. You are an expert accountant, and a good business man. If there had been any flaw or fault in them, I am sure you would have detected it, and would not have hesitated to apprise me of the fact."

"You bet I wouldn't have hesitated," said Mr. Ehrmann, with a short laugh.

"Then, I assume, that you have had no fault to find?"

"Mr. Batterbee," said the senior partner, gently, "I think that we might cut short a discussion which I am afraid can only prove painful. We cheerfully admit the value of your services, but, while your salary has not been large, it has been as much—even more than we could afford to pay, looking at it from a business standpoint. We can get the same services performed for us by a younger man for even less money. Now, I may as well tell you that we were talking over this matter, and the profits on the business having sensibly declined in the past few years, we feel that not only can we advance no salaries, but, I regret to say, we must dispense with your services at the close of the current week."

"That's the size of it, Batterbee," said Ehrmann, briskly. "Business is business."

"Just so," said Mr. Batterbee. "As you say, business is business. Now, let's get down to business. To begin with you gentlemen have misunderstood me. I am not asking you for any increase of salary. I had not the remotest inten-

(Concluded on Page 21.)

"Twenty-five Dollars a Week for Twenty Years!"

Concluding Chapters of a Gripping Mystery Story

Myra's Fingers

By A. R. Farleigh

Part Five Condensed

Myra became suspicious of the medicines Dr. Campion was administering to Millicent, as did the patient herself. This led to a quarrel between Myra and the doctor, the former believing her uncle had designs on Millicent's life, as he would, in case of her death, be sole heir to the $200,000 insurance, should his case be won. Mrs. Farnham secretly took Millicent to a bungalow she had rented, to foil Abner, whom she always had detested. She then told Myra of what she had done, and the two summoned Arthur Brownson to their aid as their protector. He came, but poor Millicent passed to the Beyond, her last words being, "I—want—Ben."

In the concluding installment of the story, which follows, will be described Mrs. Farnham's wonderful vision, in which was re-enacted a startling scene in the shack on the night of the fire, and which did so much to clear up the mystery surrounding Benjamin Campion's fate and the part Abner Campion played in the sordid tragedy.

This story began in No. 30, the Ledger for July 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. FARNHAM, Myra and Arthur were left alone in the house of death.

"Would you like to see her?" whispered the girl. "She is beautiful—and innocent."

They looked down at the slim form with the child's hands clasped on the quiet breast. All the hardness, the shrewdness, the markings of the awful life she had led were gone from her face. The past was all hidden away under the closed eyelids.

"She has her wish, now," said Mrs. Farnham softly, with a mystic intimation in her voice. "At last she is with Benjamin."

"No, mother, Millicent is waiting for him. You heard her say that my father is still alive."

They returned to the other room. Mrs. Farnham had been troubled by Myra's words. Now she spoke.

"Benjamin IS dead. Millicent believed what she told. I trust the revelation from the Beyond. Milicent and Benjamin are together in the other life."

She fell into a reverie while Arthur and Myra looked at each other, surprised at her persistence. In a low voice the mother began again, as tho unconscious of their presence.

"Why believe he is alive? Tho there was a conspiracy, and the plan was to substitute a body, Benjamin may have perished in the flames, else how could his spirit come to me in Chicago when I was not expecting such a visitor?"

The words seemed to come without her will. She sat upright and gazed into nothingness. She raised her right hand slightly, requesting peace. Some subconscious force took her into its power. Her eyes were set, fixed upon scenes, visible only to her mind. An atmosphere of clairvoyance, a cloud of vision, descended and enveloped her.

No longer mistress of herself, guided by the occult force, she arose, looked straight forward, went slowly, but not hesitatingly, into the inner room to the body of the child-woman.

Myra was frightened. Arthur took her arm. They followed on tip-toes to the door. The mother sat down by the bed, turned back the cover from the still face. She moved it farther until the crossed hands were revealed. Then she put her own hands, lightly, reverently, on those of the corpse.

The two watchers were awe-stricken. There were no tears in Myra's eyes, yet she felt a constriction at her heart that cried for relief in weeping.

"Should we let her go on?" she said in lowest voice.

Every fibre of her being was taut with emotion. To Arthur, not a believer, not an unbeliever, an agnostic in all that pertained to the mysteries of psychology, this manifestation of an unseen control of Mrs. Farnham's mind and body, was phenomenon demanding the closest study. He knew tnere were a thousand indications of the unknown yet to be explained by our science and philosophy.

His hand glided down the girl's arm till their fingers met and were interlocked—"Myra's fingers"—he thought at the moment. His warm touch reassured her.

"Let us watch," he said, "—and listen."

Mrs. Farnham's eyes rested on Millicent's marble face, encircled with the glory of her red-gold hair, while the four hands, the two of the living and the two of the dead, met above the rounded breasts, now tideless forever.

From her attitude one would say that Myra's mother was silently questioning the lifeless figure. Yet the watchers and the woman herself knew that she was not clairaudient, that she would not hear a revelation. If there was anything of substance to her strange possession. Arthur knew and Myra guessed it would come as a vision, something seen while the seer was not under her own control.

"Are you with him now, Millicent?" she said in the same low, even toned, even cadenced voice which she used when the manifestation first descended upon her. "Have you joined him? Tell me if you are with him? May I see you together?"

She looked long at the placid face. Her own features were lighted up, one might say with a nimbus around her head.

"Yes!" She gazed more fixedly at the diminutive body on the bed. "Yes, I see you, Millicent!"

"I see you saying good-by to Benjamin. I see only your two figures. There is another one near—it is very dim—he is a heavy man and he walks slowly—yes—the figure comes out now—he is the man at the trial—Scatters—he is waiting—

"I cannot see where all this is—yes—now I see—in a room—with an oven in it—it is a baker's oven—made of bricks—I see sheets of smooth, shining stuff like white oilcloth——"

"That is the inflammable celluliod," whispered Arthur to Myra.

"I see Benjamin take cloths off tiles and little statues—he is about to place them in the oven—he has lighted a lamp—now I see only you and Benjamin

Myra Felt Her Fingers Clasped Closer in Arthur's Hand.

—I see you kiss each other—you are laughing together—now you leave him."

Mrs. Farnham paused as tho there was a break in the defile of scenes before her mind. To Arthur and Myra it seemed almost as tho the immobile stretched-out form of the child-woman was presenting the pictures, as tho some visual communications were passing from the dead hands thru the living hands into the consciousness of the breathing woman. It was as tho Millicent were living over part of her past life and letting Mrs. Farnham see it with the memory of the spirit which had passed on. So the pause might be the hesitation of the departed exhibitor, doubtful what next to show.

"Yes—I see you now with Scatters—it is the outside of a little shanty—it is very rough—it is growing dark, but I can see green sedge and cat-tails and purple iris—yes—it is the edge of the marsh—there is a path going up the little hill—I see you and Scatters go up the path—into the woods—yes, Millicent, I will go with you——

"No?—what is it—you wish me to go away?—what is it? I do not understand."

Mrs. Farnham stopped short. Her visions seemed to have disappeared. She clasped the cold little hands convulsively, bent her head lower and fixed her eyes wide open on the pallid face and sealed eyelids. She was apparently trying to see something that frightened her in the darkness.

"I am not to follow?—I must stay here? No?—I am to go back? Yes, I will go back—but you will not be there—I understand—I will go back alone."

She raised her head. She was seemingly going back along the path from the woods to the edge of the marsh. She went on speaking as tho she had arrived outside the shack.

"Yes, I am there, Millicent. I see Benjamin come to the door of the shanty—he looks after you—he comes down to the path—he waves his hand over his head—it is a signal.

"I see a man come from the woods on the other side—he is very cautious—now he comes up to Benjamin—I see him plainer—it is—it is—Abner Campion."

Myra felt her fingers clasped closer in Arthur's hand. He put his lips close to her ear.

"We may learn something."

Mrs. Farnham was not disturbed by the new figures which came into her possession of tableaus.

"I see Benjamin laughing at Abner—Abner is afraid—Benjamin invites him into the shanty—now they go in.

"I see the room again—Benjamin is asking a question—I see Abner point back into the woods—I see Benjamin start to go out—Abner calls him back—they whisper together—Abner looks around the room—Abner asks questions—he takes up one of the little statues—Benjamin explains it—Abner has soiled his hands—he wipes them in the cloths from the statues—Benjamin puts the tiles and the statues in the oven—he closes it up—he points out of the door again—I see Abner shake his head.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks.

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—his head falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except when her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a repulsion about her as tho she anticipated her next picture and dreaded the sight. Her voice had quick flutterings, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner stand up—he empties the bottle on the floor—the liquid makes a dark stain—he shakes Benjamin—he raises Benjamin's head—Benjamin seems unconscious—I see Abner push up Benjamin's eyelids and peer into his eyes—there is no wakefulness in them.

"I see Abner unlock a door—he brings out great quantities of the white sheets like oilcloth—he takes Benjamin out of the chair—he puts Benjamin on the floor—he is covering him with the white sheets—he covers the whole body with them—he piles the sheets—he goes to the door and looks out—I see him put the chairs and the table close by Benjamin on the floor.

"I see Abner——"

A convulsion went thru her body. Her lips parted and her eyes, fixed as they were before on the dead woman's face, now rolled in their sockets with agitation. Her words came in spasmodic gasps.

"I see Abner put the lamp on the floor—I see him light a match—he puts it to paper and shavings—he pushes the table over on the lamp—it bursts into flames—I see Abner flee into the woods—I see a great blaze—it is all fire—fire—fire——"

Her voice reached a cry of alarm. The shack with the living man inside must have flamed up in her sight. Then the vision must have been shut out into darkness. She collapsed. Her head fell forward on Millicent's still breast and the quick and the dead lay motionless together.

CHAPTER XV.

ARTHUR and Myra lifted Mrs. Farnham, supported her into the inner room. She looked about her vaguely as full consciousness returned.

"I seem to have been far away," she said. "I am tired. I feel that I have been walking in rough places."

Myra was astonished when her mother declared that she did not remember anything of the scenes and incidents she had described. Arthur knew the explanation of the psychologists for such manifestations. They would say that Mrs. Farnham had brooded over the contradiction of her belief in the vision of Ben's spirit by Millicent's confession of his survival, that subconsciously she had solved the contradiction by imagining that Abner had deceived Millicent and had murdered her husband, and that this solution lay hidden from herself in some deep, undisturbed pool of her mind. Then, self-hypnotized, she sat by the dead woman, fell into the fringe of existence between sleep and waking and the solution rose from that pool in pictures, bodied with detail and incident, like shifting mirages or the phantasmagoria of a dream.

Yet the revelation startled him. He had been convinced of the conspiracy to defraud and Millicent's story confirmed that. Also, however, he had believed that Ben was in hiding and that a body had been placed in the shack. Despite all the endeavors of the insurance companies, with lavish expenditures and battalions of detectives, they had not found the slightest trace of Ben nor had they discovered that from any source Abner had obtained a cadaver. They had gone over all the records of medical colleges, of hospitals, accounted for all their dead, no subject had been bought or stolen for the doctor.

Mrs. Farnham's vision established not only a theory but a motive. The testimony at the trial showed that Abner had hired an auto on the evening of the fire, that he had ample time to go in it to the shack and return to the garage. According to the companies' deduction he did this to carry Ben to a hiding place; according to the vision he did it to murder Ben with the motive of plainly stealing the dead man's share of the fortune thru subsequent fraud or elimination of the widow.

Events followed the road to reason. At the very moment Abner was the sole claimant to the whole $200,000. Benjamin was dead, Millicent was dead—the full awards on the policies—all the money must go to Abner Campion.

Myra had kept quiet while Arthur made his induction from the facts and fancies. She was still in an awe at what she had seen and heard. Arthur made one or two paces in the little room.

"What is it?" asked Myra.

"We know everything," he answered, "but we can prove nothing. How can we bring your mother's vision into court? We would be laughed at by judge and jury, press and public. Ab-

(Continued on Page 14.)

Where Was Chalmers at 10 P. M.?

(Continued From Page 5)

Slyke residence for twenty years, knew Rupert Van Slyke's father before him and had seen Rupert Van Slyke grow from Eton collars and boarding schools to the age of 33, at which he had met his death. Her recital of the events of the night of the murder, as brought out by Ballmeier's questions, were simply and solely that while she was lying in bed trying to get some sleep that night, she had heard a shot, and one shot only, which appeared to be close in the neighborhood, and that she fixed the time as exactly 10 o'clock because the chimes of St. Ignatius' Church, a block away, were ringing while the shot had sounded. When she was turned over to Crosby for cross-examination, instead of trying to attack any detail of her story he proceeded to bring out and emphasize the exact points to which she had just testified for the prosecution.

"Sure you only heard one shot, Mrs. Ganniston?"

"Only one."

"Sure you hadn't dropped asleep and heard the 9 o'clock chimes or the 11 o'clock or the 12 o'clock chimes, for instance?"

"No, indeed. I hadn't gone to bed at 9, you see. And I happened to get up, after hearing the peculiar noise, to set my clock by the chimes. But my clock was right. It was exactly 10 o'clock."

"Ever know in your long residence at your address the chimes of St. Ignatius' Church to be out of the correct time?"

"Never in all the years."

"Which means, then, that you heard one shot only and that shot at exactly 10 o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Excused."

The beaming look which Ballmeier radiated down from his side of the table showed that Crosby's definite fixing of the time of the shot at 10 o'clock fitted in so well with his plans that he considered the defense was, in truth, simply helping the prosecution. And still beaming, he proceeded to put upon the stand Mr. Claude Elroy, a plump, ruddy-faced Dickensonian gentleman of 50, whose answers proved him to be a widower, living at 4022 North Oakley avenue, one house to the north of the Van Slyke residence. Mr. Claude Elroy was quite at home in the witness-chair, and blinked his little eyes pompously over the audience, folding his hands upon his portly paunch, and smiling down once at his feminine neighbor to the south who had just testified.

Mr. Elroy's testimony was a veritable twin to that of his neighbor, the only difference being that instead of wooing sleep at the time he had heard the shot in the neighborhood, he had been sitting in his top floor den reading "A Tale of Two Cities," and he, too, declared that the chimes of St. Ignatius' Church were punctuated by the muffled sound. But like his neighbor he hadn't conceived that tragedy had resulted from that shot, or that it lay so close to home, until his doorbell was rung by police making inquiries in the neighborhood.

Again Crosby, with his trowel proceeded deliberately, neatly and conclusively to cement in, for the honorable "Blue Bow" Ballmeier, the stone that the latter had just set in his arch, using the same three questions he had propounded to Mrs. Maude Ganniston.

One shot, Mr. Elroy rumbled. No, he hadn't made any mistake in the time. No, the bells of St. Ignatius' were never known to be wrong for thirty years, being rung electrically, if you please.

Crosby smiled and waved his hand. "That's all," he said pleasantly. And Mr. Elroy descended from the pompous position of being a witness to that of being a mere onlooker once more. And once more Ballmeier beamed across the table a look almost as tho he intended to invite his opponent out for a dinner.

And now came Noonan.

Jerry Noonan was a typical ex-patrolman, elevated by virtue of long treading of sidewalks to the height of "dickship" in an outlying police station. This historical fact in his career was brought out by his own statement as he told his story to the jury. Heavy jowled was Noonan, flat-footed and thick-necked. Whether in or out of uniform his was the bulk and build that could have been spotted ten miles away by a sophisticated burglar in a sophisticated city. He was clad in a dark-colored suit, and his face showed pink and round against his sartorial background. His story, altho a bit prattling in places, showed that he possessed a fair amount of acumen, however, and that he was far from being an ordinary flatty. In fact, his testimony, prior to Crosby's cross-examination, was calculated to remove from his hearers any lingering mystery as to why he had been made a "dick." But after Crosby's examination, alas for Noonon! His identification of things and objects was destined to be badly shaken.

"Ten years I've been at the Thirty-second Precinct Station," he told the jury at Ballmeier's request. "Knew old Van Slyke when I was patrolling the beat, and knew the son. Got a present from 4020 North Oakley avenue every Christmas since I been out in those weeds. Been in the house for a hot cup of coffee many a cold night. Now about this night of January 21. Well, I was out doing patrol work in uniform, taking the place of Hennesey, who was down with the flu. I was standing on th' corner o' Western avenue and Irving Park boulevard, which is about a block and a half away from the Van Slyke house, waitin' to pull my box for the 10 o'clock call. It was five minutes to 10, so I had five more minutes to wait. Up to the mailbox comes old Venson, young Mr. Vai Slyke's servant, with a letter. Seein' we knew each other we naturally drops into conversation. We talks till 10 o'clock, when I stops for a couple o' seconds to ring in, then we resumes our gabfest and talks on for another full five minutes. Then I left him, going west along Hennesey's beat and Venson going back to the house. It must been about half-past 10 when I spots the patrol wagon going pell-mell toward Oakley avenue. Bein' only temporarily in uniform, I flags 'em and climbs in. Hears that the call comes from 4020 Oakley avenue, and the servant had reported Mr. Van Slyke was murdered. So I was among the first to get on the scene."

"And what conditions did you find," asked Ballmeier, "when you got there?"

"'Twas a much different Venson I found than the one I'd been chattin' with at the mailbox when I was ringin' in my 10 o'clock call. He was all up in the air. Two long scratches down his face and his collar ripped off of him. Can't talk o' nothin' but the red-headed man that had come runnin' down the inside stairway as he come in the door and give him the strongarm. He was all atremble and excited. 'Mr. Van Slyke's been murdered,' he said, over and over; and up the stairs we went. I found young Mr. Van Slyke lying on the floor of his library on the rear of the second story, face partly turned upward, an' a red bloody bullet hole in his forehead. No weapon to be found. Right away I got out my notebook and took down the main details of Venson's description of the fellow who'd made a getaway. Young, red-haired, athletic build. Then I proceeded to make a very close examination of the room."

"While you're there, Mr. Noonan," requested Ballmeier, "will you give to the jury a description of the house at 4020 North Oakley avenue, the grounds about it and the general topography of the block? You've been the policeman on the beat for ten years."

"Big beautiful three-story house, gray stone front," said Noonan succinctly. "But old-fashioned as the devil. Built in the old days around the eighties, I guess. Houses on each side of it and along the whole block. A small gangway along the south side, connecting the rear yard with the front. Vacant ground in back of the whole row of houses, clear across the block to Western avenue, where there's a long row o' billboards. Trees in the front yard, and a big elm in the rear, runnin' within a foot of the library on the second floor."

BALLMEIER paused long enough to let the topographical aspects of the Van Slyke residence sink into the minds of the twelve jurors, then asked:

"What was the condition of that library, Mr. Noonan?"

"It wasn't disturbed in the least. The window that looked out on that elm tree an' that vacant land at the back was partly open. The electric lights were lighted. That's all."

"By virtue of your being a regulation plainclothes man of the district, you at once took possession for your superiors of a packet of loose letters lying in a pigeon hole of the dead man's desk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you went downstairs and searched the grounds and the gangway at the side of the house?"

"Yes, as soon as I'd heard the reports from the men that had interviewed the neighbors at each side."

"What did you find in that gangway at the side of the Van Slyke residence?"

"A man's stickpin."

"Before tying up those letters you found, what did you do?"

"I wrote my initials on each one."

Ballmeier, then stepping over to a box placed on the clerk's desk, withdrew from it a letter and a tiny glistening object. He handed the object to Noonan.

"Will you identify this piece of jewelry?"

"It's a stickpin. It's the one I picked up in the gangway after the murder."

"I offer it as people's exhibit one," announced Ballmeier. He handed it to the clerk of the court who proceeded to affix to it a numbered tag which he had in readiness.

Bellmeier then handed to Noonan a letter in an envelope. "Will you identify this object?"

"It's one o' th' letters of the loose bunch that I took from Van Slyke's desk," said that arm of the law. "It's got my initials on it."

"I will first read this letter," announced Bellmeier, "and I then offer it as people's exhibit two." He cleared his throat, and thrusting his little bullet head close to the paper, proceeded to give the jury the contents to the last word. They ran:

Van Slyke:

Dogs like you come to but one fate, and juries usually clear the man that rids the world of such as you. Now I'm going to give you just about two or three more days to change your decision, and then by God, Van, I'm going to kill you just like a dog, like a yellow dog. CHALMERS.

Finishing the brief but pungent message, Ballmeier handed it over to the clerk and it was marked as people's exhibit two. Turning to Noonan, he excused that august gentleman, and Crosby, heaving a sigh, took up the cross-examination. It was plain by the looks on the faces of several members of the jury that they were regarding his client more studiedly now, and Crosby found himself wondering how those twelve jurors would look when the last word of the last speech had been made. He turned to the problem in hand.

"Mr. Noonan, was there anything of value in that room for which a common yeggman might have made an attempt to burglarize it, coming in from the window by way of the elm, and shooting down Van Slyke? I take it your years on the force have made you an old experienced hand in burglary cases."

Mr. Noonan appeared a bit suspicious of the complimentary reference to his police experience.

"Well," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "the wooden safe near the fireplace, I suppose."

"Oh, so there was a safe there? Will you describe it?"

Noonan looked bored. "Made o' thick black wood, about five feet high an' four feet square. All covered with Chinese dragons an' birds inlaid in it. Had a combination dial on the door. That's all."

"So this Chinese safe, altho nothing more nor less than a massive wooden box, made of heavy tough thick wood, hand-carved and inlaid and very beautiful, bore a modern combination dial on it?" Crosby turned to the jury. "The article described by Mr. Noonan is today in the possession of, and in use by, Mr. Leslie Van Slyke of Chicago, Rupert Van Slyke's cousin and legal heir. It was made in Pekin in the tenth century, according to the dead man's statement to his cousin, whom Mr. Ballmeier may subpoena if he wishes. Yet, as this witness has just proven, this mere ornament, this antique, was being used as a thing of practical utility—a safe—right today, having been re-enforced by a modern shiny combination dial. This is a fact which deserves much consideration." He turned to Noonan again.

"I am now going to ask you a series of questions which can be answered simply by yes or no on your part, Mr. Noonan." Crosby paused. "First, do you know a reporter on the Chicago Daily Enquirer by the name of Charley Canfield?"

Noonan nodded. "Yes."

"Did you or did you not, on the night of the murder, while you were examining the grounds, receive a phone message at the house from your precinct station telling you to report back to your station at once?"

"I did."

"When you got there, did you receive the transcript of a phone message from your wife saying that your youngest child had been scalded, and a permission from your chief to go off duty for the rest of the night?"

"Yes."

"Did you at once hastily remove your uniform, get into your civilian clothes, call a taxicab and start out for your home on North Rockwell street?"

"I did."

"Were you accompanied in the taxicab by this Charley Canfield of the Chicago Enquirer, who happened to be in the station house and who took this measure for getting some sort of an inside story of the murder from the man who had known the Van Slykes, father and son, and who had already examined the house and grounds?"

"Yes," And Noonan added, a bit dubiously: "He rode all the way home with me."

"After you had ascertained that your child was not nearly so badly hurt as your wife had reported, did you then repair to the front hallway of your home where Charley Canfield was sitting, to discuss it further with him?"

Noonan nodded. His face was a bit glum.

"Did you then raise the receiver of your phone and ring the Thirty-second precinct station from which you had just departed?"

Again Noonan's assent, more uncheerful than ever.

Crosby picked up from his portfolio a piece of paper, which he studied. He looked up. "I shall now read off to you an alleged telephone conversation complete, and I shall ask you whether you did or did not talk these words, or words to their general effect, into the transmitter of your phone, and if not, just what were the words which you did repeat." And amid a very pronounced silence in the courtroom, he read off slowly and distinctly:

"'Hello, Captain in? No? Sergeant there? Out? Who's on the wire? Oh, Jake Kilduff. You're working out from the Chicago detective bureau, ain't you, Mr. Kilduff? Well, you'll do. This is Jerry Noonan of the Thirty-second. Mr. Kilduff, while I was examining the gangway next to that Van Slyke residence tonight with lighted matches, I spotted a stickpin some yards ahead of me just about the time my last match went out. I picked it up and put it in my pocket—yes, the coat pocket of my uniform. Yes. After I came out to the front yard, I was called back to the station, and from there rushed home on account of an accident in my family. Now that stickpin might or mightn't have anything to do with that murder, but I want to turn it over before I get a calldown. Yes, the right hand pocket. Yes, I know there's two pins there. No, I can't describe which pin it is, Mr. Kilduff, because as I told you my match went out just as I caught the flicker of it and I picked it up in the darkness. But I'll tell you the one it ain't. It ain't the pearl one. That's one I bought for a dollar tonight from a prisoner. That's my own. Yes, the other one of the two. All right. Don't get me in bad. I'm sorta upset.'"

CROSBY stopped and looked up. He laid the paper back in his porfolio. There was a painful silence.

At length Noonan found his voice. "Well," he said, sullenly, his eyes roving keenly about the courtroom as tho searching for one, Charley Canfield by name, "them's the words—or about the same words I said."

"Then how, Mr. Noonan," asked Crosby, "are you able to identify a stickpin given you by the prosecutor, when by your own words you couldn't describe it to the headquarters man who took it from your uniform coat pocket?"

Noonan was nettled, even angry. He attempted to wave off his faux pas by an airy, fairy-like gesture of his ham-like hand. "Oh, well," he blustered, "I was told that this was the pin that was taken by Jake Kilduff from my coat pocket. Grantin' that it is, then it's the one I found in the gangway, ain't it? That's all clear, ain't it? I'm not perjuring."

"No, I don't think you are," agreed Crosby, "but I think you're a bit hasty and over-enthusiastic in your methods. The facts of the matter then, Mr. Noonan, are that you can't definitely identify this very pin that was just handed you as the very pin you picked up, except that you merely understand by hearsay that they are the same? Is it not so?"

"Well," began Noonan, angrily, "It——"

"Yes or no?"

"I tell you——"

"Yes or no?"

"No."

Crosby's eyes held a triumphant gleam. The next step in the combating of this stickpin identification would come when Krenway, chief of the Chicago detective bureau, was put on the stand. So for the present, enough. He turned his attention once more on Noonan.

"One more question, Mr. Noonan. Altho you initialed each of those envelopes you found in Mr. Van Slyke's desk, you didn't initial the letter it contained?"

"No."

"Then, as a further matter of fact, all you can identify is the envelope just handed you and not the letter inside at all?"

"Well, I——"

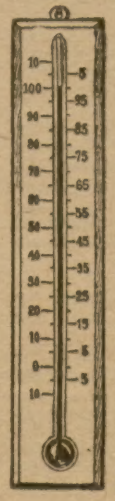
"Yes or no?" Crosby snapped.

"Objection," shouted Ballmeier, furious.

"Objection not sustained," said Judge Lockhart, leaning forward.

And Noonan, with one reluctant mono-

Even If It Climbs to 100 Degrees, Ledger Readers Need Have No Fear!



Because

"WHEN THE KLONDIKE WAS YOUNG"

appears next week.

It's a story staged in the colorful days of '98, when men from all over the world struggled, fought, and even died to get across Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon—and gold! It's a story of the mining camps, the gamblers, the prospectors and the dance hall girls.

It's a Bully Story.
It Has a Plot.
And Last But Not Least,
IT'S A COOL YARN!

syllable, was forced to admit that only the envelope of the alleged threat letter could be identified, and when he started clumsily to explain that the envelopes never left his superior's safe at the station, thus to demonstrate perhaps that the contents could not have been changed in any plot against the young clubman defendant, Crosby neatly excused him from the stand before he was one-third thru with his tangled explanation.

A short pause followed Jerry Noonan's sheepish descent from the witness-stand, a pause which was filled with a low buzz of comment in the courtroom. The bailiff rapped sharply for order several times, but silence fell automatically upon the spectators as Ballmeier called to the stand his sixth witness, who proved to be Edward Venson, Rupert Van Slyke's man. The latter was the typical man-servant of around 50 years of age, his hair gray and shaggy, his skin wrinkled, his nose a trifle hooked. He ascended the stand apologetically, and settled down meekly in the witness-chair.

"What is your name?"

"Edward Venson, sir."

"What is your occupation?"

"I was for three years a houseman and general servant to young Mr. Van Slyke. Since he was murdered, I have been employed as a butler in a home in Hyde Park."

"Will you tell the jury in your own words what happened on Friday night, January 21?"

The elderly servant turned to the jury. "Mr. Van Slyke was supposed to take part in a play given on the North Shore that night, and I saw him last when he was downstairs in the hall around 7:30, calling up somebody on the telephone. I heard him say to some one that he didn't feel any better and he guessed he'd let his understudy take his part. Then he hung up the receiver and went back upstairs to his library. I worked around the basement, and just before 10 o'clock went out to the mailbox to mail a letter. There I met Noonan, the old officer on the beat, and talked with him up until the time he rang his box and for about five minutes after. Then I walked slowly back to the house. As I came in the front door of the first floor, a man with flaming red hair came leaping down the stairway from the second floor, and, thinking I'd merely surprised a sneakthief, I grappled with him. He lunged and scratched at me as I caught him, and give me a shove that set me on my back, and before I was up he dashed out thru the front door and I heard his footsteps echoing back in the gangway at the side of the house. So I went on up to the library to tell Mr. Van Slyke. And there he was, dead on the floor, blood coming out of his forehead, an ugly looking hole there. That's all."

"What did you do," asked Ballmeier, "as soon as you saw the tragedy?"

Venson shook his head slowly as in memory of the grewsome sight. "I knew by that hole in his forehead that he was done for. I went on downstairs and called the police. They came."

"Will you kindly look about you in the courtroom and tell the jury whether you see the man with whom you grappled in the lower hallway?"

Venson turned around in his witness box. He pointed reluctantly toward the young clubman, sitting tense at the table, chin in hand.

"That is the man I grappled with. I saw his red hair when he was at the top of the stairs racing down, then his face as we grappled together."

"Your description was given to the police when they arrived, and your identification was completed at detective headquarters at 11 o'clock next morning?" Ballmeier prompted.

"Yes, sir."

"How was he dressed so near as you remember?"

"Well—his clothing was dark. Sort of a blue serge, I'd venture. White collar and shirt. Gray overcoat that came to his knees, unbuttoned all the way down. Dark colored four-in-hand tie with a stickpin in it. That's all I remember."

"Now about the stickpin——" began Ballmeier, as tho fearing after Noonan's performance on the witness stand that he might lay a further inartistic flaw in the arch which he was successfully building up, he cut off his words. He gazed into air for a long moment, his little corrugated brow still further wrinkled, and then, somewhat unexpectedly, turned to the polished table with the words, "Witness is turned over to the defense."

CROSBY took his position in front of the servant. His line of questioning was now less belligerent than at any time and more indicative that he himself was trying to focus some sort of light upon a situation which even to himself was a complete enigma.

"Mr. Venson, when you and Noonan were talking at the street corner which carried both the mail box and the police box, did you hear the shot?"

"I know now that what I thought at the time was an auto tire exploding in the neighborhood, while Noonan was talking in the transmitter of the police box, must have been that single shot from over on Oakley avenue. But you'll remember, sir, that this corner is the junction of two car lines. Western avenue and Irving Park boulevard, and there is more or less noise all the time."

"How long do you calculate it was after the shot that you came in the front door? In other words, how long was the total of the time you talked to Noonan and walked back to the house?"

"Well," ventured the old man, "Noonan and I talked for five minutes at least, and it took me another full five minutes to walk back. I'd say I got in the house about ten minutes after the murder."

"Then it appears that the red-haired man with whom you grappled had remained for some purpose after he killed Van Slyke?"

"So the police say," ventured Venson politely.

"You were the first to see the room. Just what was its condition as you found it?"

"The same, sir, as Jerry Noonan described. I touched nothing, I made no changes." He paused. "As Mr. Noonan says, the window was part way up, but it always was up anyway in that library."

"The police theory is that Mr. Chalmers entered the block by coming under the billboards at Western avenue, crossing the prairie, climbing the elm tree at the back of the house, entering the open window and either shooting Van Slyke from outside or after he got in. That he then remained for ten minutes, and then, coming downstairs the front way was confronted with you entering the door. That he made a desperate attempt to get away, and running down the front steps circled around the gangway, crossed back across the prairies and out into Western avenue again. Is this your theory?"

"I object," said Ballmeier irritatedly. "The witness' own personal theories do not matter."

"They may matter," retorted Crosby, looking up at the Judge. "This man"—he inclined his head in Ballmeier's direction—"objects to every attempt on the part of the defense to work out its case."

"Well," said Lockhart, looking down thru his gold-rimmed pince-nez from one to the other of the two attorneys, "I guess the witness may answer."

"I have no theory," declared Venson. "All I know is whatever the path of Mr. Van Slyke's murderer, he tried to use me for a gangplank to leave the house on."

Crosby smiled in spite of himself. A titter ran around the courtroom, but on Venson's face only the rueful, injured look was to be found. The bailiff rapped for order.

"About that library window," Crosby asked suddenly. "Is it customary to leave it unlocked? How does it happen that on the night of January 21, a crisp winter's evening, it would be even partly open so that a man could shin up that tree outside the window and shoot Mr. Van Slyke on the inside?"

Venson's answer explained this point. "For the reason, sir, that the library had a radiator intended for a room twice as big. I have never seen the time that the room was not overheated. Mr. Van Slyke practically all the time had the window up from three inches to a foot to keep the air at a livable temperature."

"I see," Crosby paused, thinking. "Ever see Mr. Chalmers in your life before you were confronted with him at the detective bureau?"

"Never."

"Ever heard your former master speak of him, either favorably or unfavorably?"

"Neither, sir. I did not know Mr. Chalmers existed."

"I see. You notified the police at once as soon as you saw your master was murdered?"

"Yes, sir."

"You discovered the body—say—ten minutes past 10. The police blotter says the call came in at twenty-five minutes to 11. Just how was your time divided up between those minutes?"

Venson was plainly angry. "I didn't keep any books of my time, sir. I must have lost several minutes grappling with the murderer in the hall. I must have spent some time picking myself up and brushing myself off. It took me five minutes to take in that horrible scene upstairs. Then my hands trembled so, I couldn't hardly hold the telephone book when I went to look up the police number. The first time I got the wrong number. Again I got a busy signal. All those different things used up time. It's a wonder I got the police as quick as I did."

"Did it occur to you to call Main 13—the standard emergency police call as printed on the mouthpiece of the transmitter?" asked the defense curiously. "Those calls are rushed thru in lightning order."

Ballmeier was on his feet, his face an apoplectic red. "I object," he shouted. "This fledgling that calls itself attorney for the defense is badgering and hectoring the witness merely to make a show for the public."

"Don't get excited, Mr. Ballmeier," retorted Crosby, a wave of heat rising to his own face. "The only trial that can make you happy is one where the defense sits in the corner. You ought to be——"

"No personalities, gentlemen," interrupted Lockhart, a reproving look coming over his stern face. "The witness may answer."

"I withdraw the question and excuse the witness," said Crosby. He plumped down in his chair. He made a few notes on his paper. Ballmeier, jerking his own head triumphantly, scrawled a few notes on his own side of the table. A buzz flitted over the courtroom. Pleased glances were thrown from face to face of the curiosity mongers. It was plain that the first day had marked the Chalmers trial as one which would be full of personal and belligerent combat.

But at this point, the hands of the big clock across the room pointing to 4 o'clock, Judge Lockhart with a curt nod to the bailiff as a signal for dismissal of court, rose from his bench and in his black gown went into his chambers.

Thus ended the first day of the Chalmers trial. Ballmeier went out of the courtroom smiling. Crosby, on the other hand, passed out serious, puzzled.

CHAPTER VIII.

BALLMEIER INSERTS HIS KEYSTONE.

THE opening of the second day of the Chalmers trial saw the courtroom more crowded than the previous day, were this at all possible. And that audience was there to see every move in this intellectual chess game and hear every line of the drama spoken was proven by the fortitude with which they endured the State's necessary infliction upon the court, Coroner Brum of Cook County.

Coroner Brum wore thick lensed glasses, his jet black hair fell in all directions on his head, he gesticulated with his hands and droned thru his nose. When Ballmeier put him upon the stand,

Our Feature Offering
This Charming
Serge Dress
Special Price
$3.75

Here is the most remarkable dress offer ever dared by any house—not alone because of lowness of price, but quality as well.

Send No Money

We want you to see this dress—to judge it for yourself and see how much money we actually save you. It is made of wonderful wearing quality serge in the straight, loose lines which is the rage of the season. The design on pockets and front of waist is made of all wool French knots in contrasting colors. It has stylish narrow belt of same material.

All Sizes 16 to 46

Send for Free Catalog Today

ORDER TODAY

We have a full line of sizes and know positively that you will like this very charming little dress. It has style combined with quality and comes to you at an extremely low price, in blue only. Send your name and address and give size desired. Pay postman $3.75 plus a few pennies for postage when dress arrives. Money refunded if dress is not satisfactory. Order by No. 104.

LEE THOMAS CO. 2455-57 Archer Ave. Dept. 554, CHICAGO
"The House of Quality Merchandise"

WITTE LEVER CONTROLLED Log Saw $125 F.O.B K. C.
Engine, Saw, Etc., all complete. From Pittsburgh add $6.80. Ask for Terms. Folder FREE.
WITTE ENGINE WORKS
2520 Oakland Avenue Kansas City, Mo.
2520 Empire Building Pittsburgh, Pa.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Don't Miss This—All for 12 Cents
To start you buying from us, we send this great combination pkg., all postpaid, for only 12 cents. It contains Fancy Stone Set Ring, 1 Cameo Scarf Pin, 1 pkg. Handsome Silk Remnants, 1 silvered Thimble, 2 gilt Collar Buttons, 1 Bird Whistle, Pocket Telegraph, Felt Pennant, 2 gold-plated Beauty Pins and Watch Charm, all sent postpaid for only 12c, 3 lots 30c. Address HOME CIRCLE CO., P. O. Box 1152, NEW YORK.

I Have Given Away Seven Five-Passenger Automobiles

A 5-Passenger Touring Car FREE!
To advertise our great papers. Send me your name today. We even pay freight and war tax.
The persons who won the six cars I have already given away answered an advertisement just such as this, and in a short time they received a telegram saying: "Congratulations. You have won the Automobile."

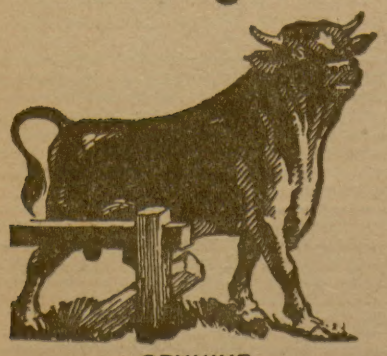
Solve Puzzle and Get Free Surprise Present Now!
The drawing below shows the 1921 Model Five-Passenger Touring Car which I am going to give away. In the scenery around the automobile are several partly hidden faces. See if you can find at least four of them. It will be fun. Turn the picture sideways and upside down and you will see the faces one by one. If you can solve this puzzle it will show me that you are clever and alert—just the sort of person to win this car—and I will send you a beautiful Free Surprise Present.

2000 Free Votes I will also send you 2,000 Free Votes toward this Automobile which I am going to give away FREE, and tell you all about it.
Mark each face with a cross (x) and when you have found four faces send the puzzle to me together with your name and address and 4c in postage to cover mailing, packing, etc., of the beautiful Free Surprise Present which I will send you. You will be delighted with this present. We will also send you copies of two national publications.
MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, you can also win, in addition to the auto, splendid prizes such as phonographs, cameras, jewelry, bicycles, watches, and things you like, without contest.

Act Quick—You Can't Lose!

Write your name and address plainly and send it to me today together with your solution of the puzzle and 4 cents in postage to pay on your Free Surprise Present and two copies of big papers. That will put you in line to win this Automobile Absolutely Free.
Auto Contest Mgr.--W. D. Boyce Co. Dept. 15, 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago.

Do you know you can roll 50 good cigarettes for 10cts from one bag of



GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO
The American Tobacco Co.

2 Tires for $11.95

FREE Tube with Each 2 Tires

Positively best tire offer of the year! All standard makes—and two for less than the usual cost of one! Our big volume means best tire values! *No double treads or sewed tires.* Thousands of steady customers everywhere are getting full mileage out of these tires and you, too, can get **12,000 MILES**

You can **see** the mileage in our tires. Order and prove it. But order now! This is a special lot, slightly used, selected for record-breaking sale. Supply limited—and going double-quick.

Note the big saving on orders for two tires of same size.

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Extra Tubes
30x3	$ 7.45	$11.95	$1.60
30x3½	8.75	14.15	1.75
32x3½	9.95	15.90	1.95
31x4	10.95	16.95	2.15
32x4	12.95	19.75	2.45
33x4	13.45	20.95	2.65
34x4	14.45	22.45	2.85
34x4½	15.45	22.90	3.25
35x4½	16.15	24.95	3.35
35x5	16.95	26.15	3.60
37x5	17.15	26.65	3.75

One Free tube with each two tires ordered

SEND NO MONEY. Shipment C.O.D. Express or Parcel Post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied, return at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. State whether Straight Side or Clincher. **DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!**

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
2721 Roosevelt Road Dept. 194 Chicago, Illinois

ALL-SOLID COPPER OIL CANS

No-Explosive Airtight Fireproof

Made of 16-18-20 and 22 oz. best clean 100 per cent pure copper. No solder inside; all solder outside. The can screw, large enough for hand, easily cleaned. These cans are built to last a lifetime of strenuous wear. Every part--the spout--the can--screw, etc., is individually, solidly and perfectly fitted.

SPECIFICATIONS			PRICE LIST
	Size	Diameter	Height	
No. 2 gal.	8 1-2 in.	11 in.	$ 5.00
No. 4 gal.	11 3-4 in.	13 1-4 in.	7.50
No. 6 gal.	12 3-4 in.	15 1-2 in.	8.50
No. 8 gal.	13 1-4 in.	17 in.	9.50
No. 10 gal.	14 1-4 in.	18 in.	12.00
No. 15 gal.	14 1-4 in.	22 in.	15.00
No. 20 gal.	16 1-2 in.	24 in.	20.00
No. 25 gal.	19 1-8 in.	26 in.	25.00
No. 30 gal.	20 in.	30 in.	30.00
No. 50 gal.	28 in.	35 in.	50.00

Packed in strong, plain wooden boxes. Shipped by American Railway Express. Send $1.00 as deposit, and pay the balance when you receive the can. To Jobbers: Write for our price list in quantities. Orders shipped same day as received.

THE MAXWELL KUNIN CO., Not Inc.
2640 W. Madison St., Dept. A40, Chicago, Ill.
40 years of honest merchandising your guarantee of our reliability.

$4.50

Breech-Loading Shotguns

These excellent guns are the famous U. S. Govt. Rifle calibre 45. The barrels have been reduced to 22 inch length, bored smooth to shoot shot. Total length, 41 inches, weight 7 lbs. For quality and durability, cannot be surpassed. Just the gun for Boys and Men on Ranch. Short and handy for small game. We furnish 45 calibre cartridges loaded with No. 8 shot at $3.00 per hundred.

Guns in fine condition $4.50.

Further explanation on catalog free

School Bags for Girls and Boys. Handy for everybody, lunches, etc. Brand new, size 10x10 with 3 inch gusset and shoulder strap like cut, made of strong olive drab material, 75 cents.

Parcel Post 5 cents extra

W. STOKES KIRK
1625 N. 10th St., Philadelphia

42 PIECE DINNER SET Free

Distribute only 3 doz. pkgs. of our famous Soaps, Perfumes, etc., among friends and neighbors to introduce and we will send you free this magnificent 42-pce. gold and floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed. 50 other fine premiums. Write for Free Sample Outfit.
TYRRELL WARD CO., 4531 Ravenswood Ave., CHICAGO

FREE Genuine Eastman CAMERA FREE

For a few minutes' easy work Send your name and address for 8 of our big, beautifully colored art pictures, 16x20, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our GREAT OFFER.

Premo Jr., Model B. Genuine Eastman Film Pack Camera. Takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ in.

Many do it in two hours. Dept. K-1.
W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SEX FACTS By Dr. Faulkner. Plain facts about sex matters, for those married or about to marry. 25 cents.
American Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

Ballmeier promptly went off into a doze; Crosby closed his own eyes and leaned back in his chair; and there was a somnolence to which only the defendant was impervious. No one did Coroner Brum the honor of even questioning him as he shuffled back and forth among his papers, and when he stepped down from the witness stand he was an obviously disgruntled man.

When Brum ascended the stand, it had been pretty well determined by the course of the trial and the previous testimony that:

1. A .32 caliber bullet had been fired from a revolver.

2. It had entered the brain of Rupert Van Slyke.

3. Rupert Van Slyke was dead.

When Brum went down off the stand it was indisputably proven beyond all argument or cavil, for all time to come, that:

1. A .32 caliber bullet had been fired from a revolver.

2. It had entered the brain of Rupert Van Slyke, with a force of close upon PX kilodynes and a velocity of of 3 P. D. Q. times the square root of 12 y. k. feet per second.

3. Rupert Van Slyke was dead.

And with the descent of Brum, every one promptly woke up and prepared to see the trial, delayed by this compendium of ballistics and student of corpses, proceed unhampered.

Thus it stood when Ballmeier put upon the stand Billy Matthews, clerk for seven years at the Sportsmen's Club. The latter was the epitome of sartorial correctness, the personification of geniality, a walking example of spruceness. Hair parted to a hair, white cuffs peeping from carefully pressed coatsleeves, high stand-up collar and pink shaven face with an ingratiating baby smile that faded to reluctance only when his eyes inadvertently fell upon the defendant.

Ballmeier held up people's exhibit one, and handed it to the witness.

"Have you ever seen this stickpin before?"

The pink-faced Beau Brummel nodded, rather regretfully.

"Will you state where?"

"I formerly owned it."

"Did it pass from your possession? If so, how?"

Billy Matthews shifted in his seat. His baby face grew serious. "I sold it to Mr. Chalmers for twenty dollars about a year ago. I heard him say he'd have to replenish his jewelry a bit. I had bought the pin in Pittsburgh. I never saw but one like it before. But I was shy on money. He liked it. He bought it. That's all."

"You realize, do you not, that this same pin which you are identifying is the pin which was dropped by the murderer in his flight?"

"Object!" snapped Crosby. "It is not yet proven that the murderer dropped it, or that it was even dropped in any one's flight."

"Objection sustained to the wording used by the prosecution," said Judge Lockhart with no hesitation. "Strike them out." And the court stenographer for a few seconds was busy drawing lines thru her pothooks.

"I think," said Ballmeier, nonplussed by his legal rebuff, "that that will be about all. Excused."

Crosby asked but one question. "You say you never saw but one pin like that before?" he said, staring at the witness. "Where was that?"

"In Pittsburgh," was the witness' reply, "but the other was like this one only in the general shape of the stone, and the color of the gold. They were not identical."

"Excused," said Crosby abruptly, and to himself: "Now there was a careless trick. Why didn't I let his words stand so I could use 'em in my final address, and send him down from the witness-chair without letting him modify 'em. More careful next time, David!"

There was a craning of necks as the clerk called the name of George Krenway, who as chief of the Chicago detective bureau had figured in the public prints too many times to be an unknown to the public. Thin-lipped, sour-faced, his black hair flecked with gray, he ascended the stand. A number of rapid questions concerning the conditions of Van Slyke's library, and his body, were put in succession to him by Ballmeier, and it could be seen by the veriest tyro in legal matters that Krenway's testimony was distinctly colored in favor of the State. His answer to Ballmeier's last question showed as well as any his desire to remove from his dockets one more murder case.

"Just what was the suspect's attitude the night he was brought down to your office for questioning?" was the query.

"He was surly and impudent," was Krenway's prompt reply, glancing down unembarrassedly toward the redhaired defendant who sat with chin in hand at the long table. "When I asked him whether he killed Van Slyke, he openly defied the department to get anything on him."

"Excused," said Ballmeier, stooping down among his papers.

Crosby's examination of Krenway was soon to rouse all the ire in that gentleman's being. The younger man began easily, however.

"Do you know Thommy Heyworth, a night reporter on the morning Observer?"

"Ought to know him," said Krenway brusquely. "He's been in the offices enough times. What about him?"

"I am doing the questioning, not you, Mr. Krenway." Crosby thrust his hands in his pockets. "Was Heyworth a witness to the examination that night of Mr. Chalmers?"

"Don't know—well, suppose he was—it's the last examination he'll witness if he's going around discussing the department's affairs," was Krenway's angry retort.

Crosby smiled. It was plain that Krenway got mad easily. "Mr. Heyworth has quit the newspaper profession and is now selling bonds," he informed the detective head. He paused. "Did not Mr. Chalmers, in reply to your question as to whether he had shot Van Slyke, tell you definitely and conclusively no?"

"Well, he——"

"Yes or no?"

"He tried to——"

"Yes or no, Mr. Krenway?"

"Yes," shouted Krenway.

"So this was impudence, eh? Did he not show genuine surprise when he learned that Van Slyke was dead?"

Krenway's eyes roved savagely about the courtroom as tho he would like to have fastened them upon the traitorous Tommie Heyworth who in fleeing from the newspaper game had betrayed the detective bureau.

"Oh, yes, Chalmers was surprised," he said, taking no care to conceal the sarcasm in his voice.

CROSBY'S lips tightened. This official was out to help smash the defense as much as he could, that was plain. Well, he would give the prosecution now thru their own witness, a much-needed jolt.

"Know a detective called Jake Kilduff, Mr. Krenway?"

"Ought to know him. He worked under me in the department."

"Where is Kilduff today?"

Krenway's eyes narrowed suspiciously. Then he replied: "Gone down to Honduras, to work as special policeman for the American Smelting and Refining Company."

"Did you send Kilduff out to the Thirty-Second Precinct station the night of the murder?"

"Sure did." Krenway might as well have said, for inflection in his voice, "What are you going to do about it?"

"Didn't you then dispatch him by telephone from there to Mr. Chalmers' Drexel boulevard flat to search the flat for evidence? Didn't you tell him to get something on Chalmers?"

"Nonsense," snorted Krenway. "I told him to get some evidence if there was any to get."

"Did he then appear back at your office toward dawn with a stickpin which he said was picked up in the gangway at the Van Slyke house by Noonan, a policeman at the Thirty-Second Precinct station?"

"He did."

"Jake Kilduff could have, if he had so wished, substituted for the pin Noonan picked up one he had abstracted from Mr. Chalmers' chiffonier drawer, to make a case against Chalmers? Is this not a fact?"

"How could he?" sneered Krenway. "How about Noonan?" This triumphantly.

"Sorry you didn't read the papers last night," said Crosby with a smile. "Mr. Noonan yesterday admitted on the witness stand that he himself couldn't identify the stickpin."

Krenway's face fell. Ballmeier was chewing on his lips.

"One more question, Mr. Krenway, and then I'll let you go. Wasn't this Jake Kilduff under indictment for some sort of bribery at the time he worked for you?"

Krenway swallowed hard. "Yes."

"Is it your custom to keep detectives working for you that are crooked?"

"What's it to you," snarled Krenway, beside himself with irritation and rage, "what my department does?"

"It's a lot to me," said Crosby, "considering that your department is trying to help send my client to the gallows. Excused, Mr. Krenway."

And the burst of handclapping that followed, unchecked by the stiff staccatto rattle of the bailiff's gavel, showed where the public's sympathy lay in that tilt, and marked the descent of Krenway, his face an apoplectic red.

But strangely enough, altho Ballmeier's little round face had showed pronounced irritation at the Noonan-Krenway contretemps, it brightened up into a broad smile of confidence as he shuffled over his papers and prepared to call his next witness. Crosby, watching him from the corner of his eye, felt as by a sixth sense that now was come the pivotal point of the battle, the point that would clear or convict Chalmers, the keystone which would either sustain against all efforts of demolishment the arch of circumstantial evidence thus far built up, or crumple up and release the entire structure. He was dimly conscious, as he leaned forward watching, of Chalmers turning toward him as tho to speak and then quickly closing his lips again. But to his client he paid little attention at this point, proceeding instead to focus his attention entirely on the witness who was laboriously ascending the stand. Was this man the trump card thru which the State had secured its indictment back of closed doors, and which it had saved for the last of the trial?

If not, why Ballmeier's triumphant smile?

The individual climbing up into the witness chair was a dignified man of about 55, with iron-gray hair that partly covered his temples; keen, straight-looking eyes which, gazing thru businesslike eyeglasses, seemed to belie the possibility of an untruth; square hard jaw, and conservative business man's suit. His progress to the witness chair was made with some difficulty, for he walked with a dragging movement of the legs as tho they were made of heavy lead weights, helping himself along by two stout canes each provided with a rubber ferule. A handsome ruby ring shone on his finger.

"What is your name?" was Ballmeier's preliminary question as soon as the witness had disposed of his canes and had been sworn in.

"John Carrington," said the man in the chair, in a firm clear voice. "Manufacturer of paper-making machinery, offices Canal and Randolph, plant at Hammond, Ind. Residence, 4062 Parkside avenue."

"How long have you known the defendant in this trial?" was Ballmeier's second query.

"I have known him since he was a baby. I knew his father, Daniel Chalmers. I was associated in business with the elder Chalmers when Archibald was born."

"With what frequency have you seen him during his life?" was the next question.

"At intervals of a few months and a few weeks."

Ballmeier bobbed his head several times. "Will you tell the jury what happened on the night of Jan. 21, when Rupert Van Slyke was murdered?"

The manufacturer turned in his chair. "On that night," he stated clearly, "I went over to my sister's who lives on Belleplaine avenue, 2390, if you wish me to be exact. I remained there until about twenty minutes to 10. I then left, and went from there along Western avenue to reach Irving Park boulevard in order to get a street car that would take me back home. But before reaching Irving Park, I——"

"You were now in the middle of the block," prompted Ballmeier, "where the line of billboards runs along the sidewalk?"

John Carrington nodded. "Yes. In the middle of that block I came face to face with Archibald Chalmers. He seemed to be a little confused at meeting me."

"You spoke to him?"

"I said, 'Hello, Archie, pretty late for boys to be out, isn't it?' I glanced at my watch. Its hands showed that the time lacked seven minutes of being 10 o'clock. And I added: 'I ought to be home myself at this hour.'"

The prosecutor handed up a little book upon the stand.

"This booklet which I now offer as people's exhibit number three," he stated, "I now present to the witness with a request that he tell what it is and what incident it figured in."

John Carrington took the book from Ballmeier's hands. He turned over the pages cursorily. "This," he declared quietly, "is a booklet of printed forms with which I have been taking subscriptions from those of my friends who are plentifully supplied with the world's goods. The subscriptions are to go to the Russian Red Cross, now taking care of the children homeless in that land on account of the former disastrous Bolshevist regime. The plan was originated by myself, and the forms were printed on the presses of my own office. Each page I fill in myself for the amount the party is willing to subscribe, and I ask him to sign at the bottom." Carrington paused. "As to what happened, involving this booklet. Well, I took it from my coat pocket and opening it out, said: 'Archie, I guess I've met you just in time. How much can I put you down for to help the Russian orphans?'"

"And the defendant answered?"

"Object!" said Crosby promptly. "You have not yet proven that it was the defendant."

A long argument between lawyers followed, and it wound up by the Judge sustaining Crosby's objection.

"What did the party whom you addressed, then, as Chalmers, answer?"

"'Make it twenty-five dollars,' he said, rather gruffly," was Carrington's recountal.

"And then?"

"I filled in the figures and Archibald's full name under the arclight, and gave him the book and my fountain pen. I said: 'Sign on the bottom line, Archie.'"

"He signed that line in front of you?" said Ballmeier.

John Carrington nodded. "Yes."

"What time would this have been?"

"We consumed perhaps three minutes in these preliminaries. It must have been, therefore, approximately four minuts of 10."

"What did the man whom you addressed as Chalmers then say?"

"He said: 'Well, good-by, I must be

getting along. I'll drop in to see you one of these days.'"

"Was that the last you saw of him?"

"Yes," said Carrington. "On account of my canes I'm not able to look back."

Ballmeier patted his close-cropped hair. "That," he announced, with a sardonic grin towards Crosby, "is all the prosecution has to ask the witness. He is turned over to the tender mercies of the defense." He bowed to his opponent.

CROSBY, rising from his chair, knew that at last the hour had struck when he was facing the State's star witness. Venson's supposed identification of Chalmers could be argued away as a mistaken one. But the fact that a signature was involved in this witness' story meant complications of some sort. Assuredly, about this man Carrington there was no suggestion of the perjurer; every line of the stern, righteous face tended to contradict that belief. Crosby's opening questions were along a tack quite other than what could be termed by Ballmeier "badgering and hectoring the witness."

"Mr. Carrington, did the man you met along that row of billboards address you at any time as 'Mr. Carrington?'"

Carrington paused a long while. "No, sir, he did not. He talked with me, but he did not mention my name."

Crosby smiled a faint smile. A point and a big point, he knew, had been scored by the defense in that reply, but Ballmeier showed no evidences of being disconcerted.

"How do you know that you were not talking to a double, Mr. Carrington? You'll recall that you said, 'Hello, Archie,' but that he at no time used your name?"

"No," said Carrington stubbornly. "It was no double. The meeting took place under that arclight and I have known Archie Chalmers for too many years to make any such mistake. It was Dan Chalmers' son whom I met and talked with that night, and who hurriedly signed my subscription book for the Russian children."

Crosby thrust his hands deep in his pockets. He tapped the toe of his shoe uneasily on the floor. His brow was creased into a dozen wrinkles. He knew now that he was facing the keystone of Ballmeier's arch, and now, if ever, the keystone must go down. In fact, it could be no other way considering the factors of the case, yet to be brought up by the defense. He took several steps up and down to gather his mental faculties together. Then he took up a stand in front of the witness and began.

The examination that he hurled at Carrington, question after question, lightning-like in their rapidity, was one of the swiftest that he had ever made in his life. In many instances Carrington was unable to finish his reply before a new question was propounded to him. Thru it all every ear in the audience was turned so as not to lose a single word. Back and forth Crosby proceeded, analyzing, dissolving, dissecting, and putting together again the elements of the incident which Carrington had related, and always in a cheerful, friendly spirit. Yet thru it all the replies never failed to tally, thru it all the man Carrington sat like a stone statue, unshaken in his belief, unperturbed at the volley of questions, a human rock of Gibraltar, secure in his own confidence. And at the end of it all he was cool, calm, collected, while Crosby with hair in disarray was wilted, tired, worn out.

It was then that Crosby decided to change his tactics entirely, and to propound three last questions before excusing the witness.

"Mr. Carrington, were you the man Archibald Chalmers' father had some trouble with back in 1883 when they were in business together?"

"Yes," said Carrington, in spite of Ballmeier's vociferous, but overruled objections. "Dan Chalmers did me out of a cool hundred thousand in a shady deal, and I filed a suit against him. We never spoke from that time until he died."

"So you personally had it in for old man Chalmers?" persisted Crosby with brutal directness.

"Had no use whatever for him," said Carrington with startlingly naive frankness, "but for Archie I had always the friendliest of feelings. I don't carry my personal animosities from father to son."

Crosby smiled ruefully. He knew that this was the first faint point in this human pillar of damning facts that he had yet scored. But it was faint, indeed.

"Mr. Carrington, how do you know it was Jan. 21 that all this happened?"

"Because I read in the papers next morning that Archibald Chalmers had been arrested."

"What was your motive in trotting to the State's Attorney with your booklet?" Crosby shouted fiercely at the witness.

"Because certain statements were made in the morning papers about Archibald claiming to have been in his rooms that night. I knew this to be a lie and while another man might have seen fit to sit back and let the boy wriggle out of his own affair, I wouldn't. Perjury and lies, even tho they emanate from my own brother, I cannot and will not stand by and permit. Even tho the defendant in this case hang, I must and will tell the facts of that night. I am an upright man in business. I am a member of the church. I will not tolerate the distortion of the law's justice. I am sorry that it was Archibald instead of some one else, but regardless of who it was I must give my facts to the law. That is why I went to the State's Attorney, told my story, and turned over the book with the signature in it."

Crosby heaved a deep sigh. He passed a hand wearily over his brow. He was frankly puzzled whether to excuse the witness and stand on his own case, or to make another furious effort to break down Carrington's story. It was an hour before the midday adjournment of court. He decided to try once more. So back he returned to the fray. To and fro he argued, cajoled, threatened and enticed, and each and every time John Carrington's story remained unchanged, unbroken, unaltered in its very simplicity. And when at last Crosby excused the witness and court was adjourned for lunch, he knew that the jury felt that it had met with one witness who told the truth—and who knew the truth. And he knew also from the smile on Ballmeier's face as the latter gathered up his papers that that afternoon was to see the end of the prosecution by the production of handwriting experts. And yet—how could it be? How could it be, when he himself was prepared to prove that Archibald Chalmers had never left his rooms the night of the murder?

HIS conjectures were right. With the assembling of court at 2:30, the first witness to ascend the stand was one Howard Norwalk, a keen-looking man of about 35 with blue eyes which stared curiously out over the courtroom. His complete reply to Ballmeier's opening question established his professional status to the jurymen. He was the A-to-J paying teller of the Fort Dearborn Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago. Crosby's face took on a vexed look as he surveyed the witness.

"Will you tell the jury," asked Ballmeier, "what was the occasion of your viewing this booklet which Mr. Carrington states was signed in his presence at a few minutes before 10 the night of the murder, and your findings in this case?"

"You brought it to me," said Norwalk promptly, "with a request that I compare the signature with the one used by Archibald Chalmers in his checking account at the Fort Dearborn Bank."

"Did you do so?"

"I did."

"What were your findings?"

"The signature is identical with that on the bank's books."

"In your estimation, Archibald Chalmers signed that subscription booklet offered in this case by Mr. Carrington?"

The witness nodded.

"If you were presented with a check bearing the signature as found on the subscription book, and you knew that the check was handed in by a man who was known to be a crook, would you pay out money on that signature?"

"I would," returned Norwalk.

"Excused," said Ballmeier. And it was hardly likely that the surprised look on his face escaped the jury when Crosby excused the bank cashier without a single question. But there was a grim smile on the younger attorney's face as he uttered the single word that released Norwalk from any grilling at the hands of the defense.

"Why—oh why," he murmured to himself, "must the prosecution hire the very same handwriting expert that the defense hired? Talk about the unexpected! And I might have asked Norwalk whether he ever paid out money on a forgery in his life, and nine chances out of ten have gotten him on that one question. But my own witness—was ever a lawyer neatly tied hand and foot?"

Ballmeier was following up to the last degree his chain of evidence which touched upon the signature. He did so by calling to the stand a second man, this one little and old, clad in a rusty black cloth suit with old-fashioned cloth buttons, white shirt, old-fashioned batwing collar and black string tie. He was about 60 years of age. His hair had turned to white and his gaze was directed to the prosecutor thru heavy horn-rimmed spectacles.

"What is your name?"

"Alonzo G. Queed," said the little man quietly.

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a specialist in handwriting, and occupy a chair in that study in the college of law, Northwestern University."

"How long have you been an expert witness in Chicago on handwriting?"

"For some twenty-two years."

"Will you name to the jury some of your published works?"

"I have written," said the little man with some embarrassment, "'Handwriting As a Guide to Character,' 'Detection of Forgeries,' 'Seventy-Nine Methods of Copying a Bank Check Signature,' 'Why Forgers Ultimately Fail,' 'Watermarks and Chemical Composition of Inks,' and a number of shorter brochures."

"Yes. Will you examine this booklet purporting to be a subscription booklet for Russian orphans and state to the jury where you saw it before and what your findings were in respect to it?"

"You brought it to me," said Alonzo G. Queed. "You asked me to give an expert opinion with respect to it, to a threatening letter allegedly written by Archibald Chalmers, and to Archibald Chalmers' signature in the Fort Dearborn Bank. The bank allowed me to compare their signature with the one on the threatening letter and the one on the subscription book. I spent one full afternoon upon the work."

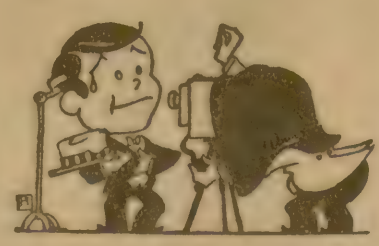
"And your findings?" asked Ballmeier.

"The signature to the threatening letter is indisputably a signature made in an angry mood, and these are known to be very tricky. I am not disposed to give a definite opinion with regard to it. But signatures dashed off in haste are highly reliable. The signature signed on Mr. Carrington's subscription booklet on the night of the murder on Western avenue, and the signature which the Fort Dearborn Bank has been paying checks drawn to Mr. Chalmers' account are identical."

"Then in your estimation, Archibald Chalmers signed that subscription book-

(Continued on Page 16.)

"I smiled- and he shot me"



AFTER MONTHS and months.
MY WIFE persuaded me.
TO HAVE it done.
SO I went around.
TO THE photographer.
AND GOT mugged.
WHEN THE pictures came.
I SHOWED them to a gang.
OF AMATEUR art critics.
AND PROFESSIONAL crabs.
DISGUISED AS friends.
WHO FAVORED me.
WITH SUCH remarks as.
"DOESN'T HE look natural?"
"HAS IT got a tail?"
"A GREAT resemblance."
AND THAT last one.
MADE ME sore.
SO WHEN friend wife.
ADDED HER howl.
I TRIED again.

THIS TIME they were great.
FOR HERE'S what happened.
THE PHOTOGRAPHER said.
"LOOK THIS way, please."
AND HELD up something.
AS HE pushed the button.
AND NO one could help.
BUT LOOK pleasant.
FOR WHAT he held up.
WAS A nice full pack.
OF THE cigarettes.
THAT SATISFY.

LIGHT up a Chesterfield and sense the goodness of those fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in that wonderful Chesterfield blend. Taste that flavor! Sniff that aroma! You'll register "They Satisfy." You can't help it.

Did you know about the Chesterfield package of 10?

They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

England as It Was in the Year 1000 A. D.

THE RED WELKIN

BY W. A. WILLIAMS

You Can Begin the Story With This

EARL EADRIC, Lord of Wodenstow, in England, in the tenth century, was giving a formal feast and entertainment to his guests and the privileged officers of his household, when

GULDRED THE GROOM, who had been sent with an important message to the master of Holcomb Hall, returned to Wodenstow in a helplessly intoxicated condition, having lost an important letter and signet ring entrusted to his care and was unable to explain in what manner further than some one had plied him with very strong or drugged liquor. Lord Eadric attacked and wounded Guldred with his sword, and

ULBERT THE TALL was commanded to take the unfortunate Guldred to the stables, there shear his hair from his head as tho he were a common knave, and then leave him to lie like a pig, henceforth to be an unattached wanderer and to be known as Guldred the Nithing. However, thru the kindly pleadings of

LADY EDITH, Eadric's wife, Guldred was permitted to retain his precious locks. During the night

CROOKED CROCK, a misshapen servant of the household, went to the stables and found Guldred lying helplessly in a stall with a wild and vicious horse. He had left Guldred in a safe manger, well covered with a blanket. Out of the darkness of the stables came Ulbert, spear in hand, about to slay Guldred, whom he hated. He was stopped by Crock, who compelled the would-be assassin to help drag his intended victim from his dangerous position.

Next morning Guldred bade the friendly servants good-by and was escorted from his master's estate by the faithful Crock. He soon passed the cottage of

ERDWULF THE WOODSMAN, where lived the idol of his heart, the lovely

ADELEVE, whose love he hoped to win, but he did not stop there, for now he was an exile, a "lordless man," altho still a freeman.

As he wended his way he chanced to espy Ulbert the Tall, mounted on Dun Nicholas, the earl's favorite steed, riding furiously. He also observed a letter to fall from Ulbert's belt and land in the road. The letter was directed to Earl Eadric and was from

LORD RULAC of Holcomb Hall. Ulbert, on discovering his loss, soon returned with several servants and a pack of bloodhounds. Guldred realized that he was suspected of having the letter. His only refuge, he at once decided, was the cave inhabited by

PAULUS, THE HERMIT MONK. He hastened there and was admitted. Ulbert and his party arrived a moment later and demanded admittance. Ulbert, alone, was permitted to enter the cave, but not until Guldred had been ushered into a place of concealment.

Ulbert failed to find Guldred, and left in a sullen mood. Guldred told his story to Paulus and asked the monk's advice concerning his love for Adeleve. Paulus consented to become custodian of a ring that Adeleve had refused to accept from Guldred because of his besetting fault. While Guldred was taking needed rest in the barn at Adeleve's home—the cottage of Erdwulf the Woodman—came

THE RED WELKIN, a blood-red sky, a phenomenon like unto that chronicled in the year 979, that had cause all manner of superstitious conclusions and alarms, as did the present lurid visitation. The phenomenon passed away and Guldred gained an interview with Adeleve, whose noble counselings and good advice inspired him with hope.

When about to leave Guldred discovered that some one had taken his staff, an inscribed and serviceable relic of Wodenstow Hall, so he cut another and proceeded on his way. Guldred traveled to the British coast and was accepted as a member of the crew by the captain of a ship about to sail for Ireland. On the first day out, at nightfall, a ship manned by armed Danes, nearly all being in the awe-inspiring war regalia of their time. Shortly after darkness had set in Guldred was summoned on deck by the skipper, where the crew had set up a hostile demonstration against him, shouting, "He's a landlubber—a Jonah! Feed him to the fishes!"

The story began in No. 33, the Ledger for Aug. 13. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

THE captain, when he saw how matters stood, and probably himself in sympathy with the superstitious seamen, made little effort to save the hapless man. Between the two he doubtless preferred to let Guldred be thrown overboard rather than provoke a mutiny among his sailors. His efforts seemed concentrated on saving the craft and to that end he stood over the steersman with brandished sword, threatening to cleave his head if he quit his post. To keep her course with the wind seemed the only chance of saving the laboring ship.

Guldred, meanwhile, as soon as he saw how matters stood, had rushed to the prow in order that his back, at least, might be protected from assault. He seized a capstan bar and brandished it in dogged self-defense. No one could come at him except from the front. Still, he knew that a determined rush would soon end it, and the panic-stricken sailors were getting ready to make the rush. The captain was indifferent, the passengers few, unarmed for the most part, or disinclined to interfere. His chief hope seemed to be in God. As he looked wildly about his lips moved in silent prayer, not less potent because he was silent. Then he waited and braced himself for what was to come.

Life was very sweet to him and the boiling sea did look so cold and deep and hungry. It seemed like some savage beast licking its chops in anticipation. A shudder shook him. The cold sweat came out on his whitening face. Again, half consciously, half audibly his soul called out to God. The sailors began to move toward him, growling ominously.

Suddenly he saw a movement among the passengers. The monk came forth from among the cowardly and indifferent passengers and made a stand in front of Guldred. Without a word the sallow hand went into the folds of the black robe and brought forth an object that made the hearts of all there falter with fear and awe. It was a crucifix, but such a crucifix as no man there had ever seen before or wished to see again. The figure of The Christ upon the little cross which was held up before the awe-stricken throng glowed and seemed to tremble in its supernatural light. The monk uttered not a word; the cowled head was not raised; but the effect was instantaneous and profound. The mob retired tumultuously making the sign of the cross and crying out: "The rood of fire! God's wrath! Back! Back! on your lives!"

Just then a jagged flash of lightning shot athwart the empty rigging. Guldred called the sailors' attention to it. "See, men! The next time God will send it among you if you ware not what you do." Again the mutineers crossed themselves and pressed further back. Then the skipper interfered.

"Look yonder, my hearties!" he cried. "Get th' oars an' we'll soon be in port."

They looked and saw thru the gathering gloom to larboard the twinkling lights of land. They put up their weapons and resumed their oars.

Guldred carried a corner of the monk's robe reverently to his lips.

"Thanks, holy father! You have saved my life and mayhap helped to save my soul. May God reward you!"

The monk appeared not to notice, but stood with arms folded on his breast, glowing crucifix still grasped, an image of faith in a tempest of doubt, while above in the stormy firmament the lightnings darted and the thunders rolled.

CHAPTER X.

BRIAN BORU STRIKES.

AS THE English vessel neared the shore the storm began to lull. A lantern at the prow presently revealed a large land-locked inlet ahead. Into this they began to steer cautiously, throwing out the sounding line at frequent intervals. They reached their goal safely. The anchors were heaved, the lights put out. They ate their evening meal quietly and with thankful hearts. The darkness became intense owing to the canopy of clouds, and even the captain did not know precisely where they were.

Sounds on the shore reached them distinctly. The captain forbade all loud talk and himself kept watch thruout the night. One after another the others settled into slumber. They snored and muttered as they slept.

The wind died down to a mere zephyr, but the waves still thundered on the rocky coast outside. But it was a thunder muffled by distance so that sounds on shore could be heard plainly. Wolves were heard howling at intervals, now near, now far away as they zigzagged in search of their prey. Once or twice a torch was carried across the darkened area, which from the altitude showed that hills surrounded the anchorage.

At length a new sound reached the skipper's ears—a loud, monotonous wail neither of bird, beast, nor man as far as he could determine, but something unearthly, mysterious, appalling. He lifted with shaking hand a stoup of ale to his lips and staring into the darkness listened with bated breath. And now an apparition came forth on the shrouded heights—a tall, white-robed figure that glowed like a glow-worm and wailed like a lost soul. The captain dropped the ale stoup with a clatter that wakened the lighter sleepers. He tottered over

"My Lord," Said Guldred, "I am an Englishman."

to the place where the monk had last been seen, and having felt of the cowl to make sure of the identity, shook the ecclesiastic roughly. The monk, who was apparently awake, sat up and awaited his will in silence.

"See yonder, father!" gasped the skipper. "'Tis th' Banshee!" Then as the monk made no comment, "Say your prayers, father; pray for us all for 'tis the bode o' death!"

"Peace, master!" came another voice near by. "Methinks the holy man is under a vow of silence. As for death, do you fear it so greatly? 'Tis ever on the way, but comes not till God wills it."

"Ha, landlubber! Do you mouth at your betters? Odds bobs! but methinks 'twas you that feared Death not long ago when my men would spill y'u t' th' fishes."

"That was not fear, master. I merely said my prayers and made me ready for my cold, wet bed."

"But look you, landlubber! That light, so fearsome, so unearthly! Holy saints! Look! Look!"

"An' were I on yon hillside, master, I'd try what a spearpoint would do to that bedevilment. And list! Hear you that?"

In the silence that ensued they heard the sound of footsteps and the rattle of weapons. The apparition ceased to wail. Voices could now be heard confusedly and only half suppressed; but no words were distinguishable—a kind of gibberish, it seemed, more than any known speech. For if those voices had been declaiming one of Cicero's orations it would have still seemed as mere gibberish to the English ears aboard the vessel.

"'Tis some trick of the Irishry," muttered the captain; "but what do they in th' name o' the saints?"

No answer to this was forthcoming. The sounds of arms and voices on the hillside momentarily increased. The white figure went into partial eclipse in the crowd. Soon the party began to move away to the right, the supposed banshee partly visible among them. On went the discordant array over the hilltops and out of sight and sound.

The dawn began to gray the east and the skipper flung himself down for a little sleep, having bidden Guldred to mount guard and to call him at sunrise.

Guldred assumed his new duties at once. With the possible exception of the monk every one else was asleep. But it was the monk who occupied Guldred's thoughts, even while his eyes and ears were keenly alert. He wondered who and what this monk was. He had not seen his face nor heard his

voice. The stature told nothing for it was medium and common. The form was concealed beneath the ample robe and a small hump on the back combined with a stoop of the body made Guldred almost certain that he had never seen this person before.

As far as the monk's interposition in Guldred's behalf the night before was concerned, there was nothing necessarily personal in it. It was merely an act of humanity strictly in harmony with the monk's sacred calling; and there had been no attempt on the monk's part either before or since this event to cultivate Guldred's acquaintance or to show any special interest in him.

But it was the glowing crucifix—"The Rood of Fire," as the sailors had called it—that chiefly exercised Guldred's conjectures. He by no means shared the superstitions of the skipper and sailors on the subject. He believed that the thing could be explained in a natural way; for he remembered that when he was studying for the priesthood a traveling monk had come to the Benedictine monastery where the school was located and had been entertained by the abbot with a great deal of deference on account of his great piety and learning. This traveling monk had shown a substance which he had obtained from a learned Arab in Spain.

(Continued on Page 17.)

Now comes a concern big enough to loan *furniture* free while you leisurely decide on it!

Mail Postal for Your Free Copy!

The easiest thing to say is you are not interested in any new furniture right now, and *think* you will send for our free book when ready. Nine times out of ten you will forget to do it later, or if you remember, we will be out of books.

No greater display of house furnishings is shown anywhere. It is probably the largest book of its kind published. A great many things are shown in their actual colors.

You will find in it, prices amazing for their lowness. We could not afford to urge you to ask for this book, and then ugre you to accept a free loan of some article, if in the long run you were likely to find something better elsewhere.

OUR FREE BOOK SHOWS

a compiete line of all kinds of furniture, bedding linens, silverware, dishes and cooking utensils. Rugs and carpets in all weaves, patterns and colors; curtains, lamps, clocks, sewing machines, musical instruments; a complete department of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

This free book will give you wonderful ideas about good house furnishings in all ranges of price. It will prove a real price guide. You will learn to like to refer to it. *Ask for it now.*

Our new Home Lovers' Bargain Book is absolutely ***free*** to you. In it we show many thousands home needs all ***loaned free.*** Entirely as an extra advantage we bring the most agreeable and longest credit—***free to all.***

No matter how clearly and simply we state these ***facts***—it's all so different, so entirely new—that some folks will go right on thinking it cannot be so.

For fear the least shadow of a doubt can remain in anyone's mind, we go way beyond mere promises. We guarantee every statement we make here. This free loan guarantee comes with our free book. It is legally binding.

Still we go further. We are big enough and old enough to be able to step aside and let the unimpeachable outside testimony of the greatest national institutions ***endorse*** our guarantee.

Your own postmaster, or station agent; any bank in Chicago, New York or other large city; or any bank in any town in the United States, no matter how small, will vouch for the fact that Spiegel, May, Stern Company will keep its every promise.

Forget About Buying
Ask for Our Free Book, Anyway

We invite you to have a free copy. It comes for the asking, without the slightest obligation to buy. We'll not even keep on bothering you to buy after we send it.

Sooner or later you will need some home necessity; maybe a few pots or pans, dishes, silverware, linens, blankets, curtains. Our book shows ***everything*** for the home.

So please don't think of it merely as a book of furniture. When your particular need arises, we like to have you look everywhere else first. All we ask is to look in our book, too, and ***compare*** our display.

Then we want to take all the burden of proving that in one way or another, we can please you better. Our way of proving it is to loan the article free of all cost or risk to you. We loan it to you ***long enough*** so that you have plenty of time to ***leisurely make up your mind.***

Read This Out Loud

We realize that before you decide on any purchase, even though the article seems to be exactly what you desire, there are several questions to be finally answered. Above everything else comes price; then quality, service and appearance. Nobody can tell how a rug, for instance, is actually going to look and fit when you get it in your home.

No picture, no description, and not even the most careful inspection of the actual article in a store can really and truly satisfy all these questions.

You never know a person till you live with them; you never know furniture till you live with it and ***use it.***

So again we say, before you actually get right down to buying anything, ***let us first loan it to you free*** to be compared anywhere and used freely. This is the only test that means anything.

Credit Free to All!
Without Asking—Pay Little by Little!

With our free book comes the credit certificate that opens your account ***in advance.*** This credit is offered freely to everybody. No matter where you live, what your position may be, or what your earnings are, it makes no difference.

There is never any annoyance; no bother before you order or afterwards. We have no collectors; we hate red tape. After all, our credit feature is simply an added advantage.

You don't need even to think of it when you ask for a free loan. We loan things to everybody alike, whether they pay cash or use their credit. But because we offer credit so freely—we are able to make this loan ***without the cash in advance—merely a trifling deposit.***

That is what makes our plan so different. That is why our offer is so new. That is why credit here cannot ever mean extra costs, nor annoyances. We simply say, try your selection leisurely. Use it freely. Test it in any manner.

After you decide to keep it, begin to pay little by little. If not satisfied we bear every expense—all freight and hauling charges.

You see we have done away with all formality; all old-fashioned rules and embarrassing practices. It's just a friendly arrangement. We never write to your neighbor or employers. Don't have the least fear that we will ever try to pry into your affairs.

Ask Your Bank

The Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago, one of the very biggest in the whole country, will tell you that we will live up to every promise we make. Take this entire advertisement to any bank anywhere, and they will tell you that we cannot go back on actual guaranteed statements like these.

Our free loan guarantee is bonded by the National Surety Company, whose security is accepted in any court in the land. Again, remember that this magazine would not print this message unless it were true.

The United States Government would not allow us to misuse the mails by making false statements — and all our business is done by mail.

If you are likely to need the slightest thing for your home now or in the next six months, or year, have our free Home Lovers' Bargain Book on hand for comparison purpose, *if nothing else!*

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1471 West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings

With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel AUTOMATIC REVOLVER $9.75

Regular Price $22.50

OUR PRICE While they last

Keep one of these safety brand new revolvers in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold-up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises down stairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

Buy one of these revolvers and be always fully protected. Handsome blue steel, gunmetal finish. HAS DOUBLE SAFETY and is practically "fool-proof" against accidents. Perfect grip, accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. Shoots the famous Colt Auto Cartridges.

SEND NO MONEY

Order to-day. We have no catalogue. Just send your name and address and say which revolver you want.

No. 225 is 25 calibre, 7 shot. Regular price $22.50. Our special price only $9.75

No. 625 is larger size, 32 calibre military model. 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Regular price $25.00. Our special price only..... $12

Don't wait. Order this bargain to-day. Write clearly your name, address and the Number of the Revolver you want to order. Send no cash. We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival, our price, plus postage.

Paramount Trading Co.
114 Maiden Lane, New York City

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE

Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! A GENUINE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as $2 A MONTH in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, rich toned machines — at less than half the standard prices—and $10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.

DAVIS, Dept. 1A
6101 MAY ST., CHICAGO

Watch, Knife and Chain
— all 3 for only $2.95. Easily worth $8.00.

Beautifully polished Watch, silveroid case, high grade movement! Every watch guaranteed. Gold filled engraved Knife, gold filled full length Chain — all latest style. Write name plainly but don't send a penny!

All 3 for $2.95

Send No Money! Pay on arrival. Money back if not satisfied

CAMBRIDGE WATCH CO.
34 Cambridge Bldg., Chicago

HERB RECIPE BOOK 10c

Worth $5. Teaches how to make medicines from herbs for all diseases. Over 250 recipes and herb secrets.

Ind. Herb Gardens, Dept. B, Hammond, Ind.

12 Months to Pay.

Enjoy your 1921 "Ranger" at once. Earn money for the small monthly payments on Our Easy Payment Plan. Parents often advance first small payment to help their boys along. FACTORY TO RIDER wholesale prices. Three big model factories. 44 Styles, colors and sizes in our famous Ranger line. DELIVERED FREE, express prepaid, FOR 30 DAYS TRIAL. Select bicycle and terms that suit—cash or easy payments.

Tires, lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment, at half retail prices.

SEND NO MONEY — Simply write today for big FREE Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. H-53, Chicago

Special Offer to Order Agents

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Guide Book and EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. PROMPT ATTENTION. REASONABLE TERMS.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Kill or Cure

(Continued From Page 3)

the cozy bench in the deep porch. It was a lengthy affair that ended after every one in the place was asleep. But after Ravenal and Ethel had parted, and she had started to undress, she remembered that she had worn a particularly prized wrap—and had left it on the porch.

She went down to get the wrap. It had fallen under the seat. She found it there—but she also found a little instrument from which wires ran into the corner—and upward.

"A dictograph!" For a moment she stood very still, breathing heavily. Then she hurled the instrument upon the floor and ran up to her room. "Well, if that's the way Dad feels——" She threw herself upon the bed and pounded the pillow in hysterical rage.

Three days later she ran away with Carter Ravenal.

Here is another case in which a charming—but willful and foolish—young girl's head was turned by a handsome, perhaps dissolute and conscienceless scoundrel, who has induced his easy victim to run away with him, probably with the intention of cheating her out of the marriage ceremony; in due time, no doubt, as is usually the case in such lamentable affairs, to leave her groveling in the lowest depths of sorrow and disgrace, to face alone the world's cruel finger of scorn—to plead in vain for a stern and unrelenting parent's forgiveness. What is her paramour's game, anyway? To gain some of her father's plentiful wealth? Or, is he of the ilk that simply gloats and fattens on each new despoilation of purity and innocence? Is there, or is there not, some clew left behind—some way to be devised—that will prove successful in rescuing this beautiful, educated and refined young girl from the inevitable black climax—judging from the character of her tempter—that is sure to be the wretched finale of her headstrong escapade? Well, the pair have fled! That much we know. What lies ahead of them can only be known when the second installment—much longer than the opening one—is presented to our readers next week. Better tell the Ledger agent to be sure and bring you a copy. The story is one you cannot afford to miss.

Myra's Fingers

(Continued From Page 7)

ner's lawyers would cover us with ridicule."

"There is Millicent's confession."

"The ravings of a delirious woman. We could not get it before the jury. It was not taken in accordance with local requirements to serve as testimony, without a notary, not in the expectation of death. Abner's lawyers would keep it from being read."

"But," said Myra, "when the case comes to trial again they will not have Millicent's evidence as to the identity of the body."

"Abner will identify it, Scatters will identify it, the others will testify again. The case will not be as strong as before, but it will be strong, strong enough. No, as it stands, Abner may take all the money."

He was absorbed in his problem, forgot the woman he loved, close by his side, forgot the woman in the other room now beyond all problems.

"I must try to break Abner's alibi," he went on, "but we have nothing except the old testimony of the garagekeeper. I must establish that Abner was at the shack with Benjamin just before the fire. The testimony does not do that."

Myra's brain was a dynamo, working to produce a clew, to make some suggestion.

"There are the sugar-coated pills," she said.

"True, but there again, who saw him administer them. We have nothing but the story of a dead woman."

"They would leave some trace."

"Yes. There must be an autopsy. If that should prove that the woman died of poison and we find the pills are poison, then we must connect them with Abner. Perhaps we can prove he had such pills in his possession."

His mind flashed away, seeking methods of bringing this about. Could they raid his office and rooms?

"If they are poison," he said, "we could at least make an accusation. There would be grounds for his detention. Your testimony that Millicent gave you the pills would be ample for the police. They are not qualmish, they would ransack this place—even if they did not find pills made up, they might find the ingredients—yes—that would work—that would work."

He paced up and down another moment and went to the telephone. The laboratory answered. They had not finished the analysis of the pills, but enough had been developed to show that they contained a slow poison; they could not exactly say what the substance was for they had as yet only the chemical bases; when they had checked up they would give a complete report; this was merely preliminary, but the fact of poison was indisputable.

"A slow poison!"

Myra gasped forth as she heard his words, "Then he has murdered both Millicent and my father."

"That must have been his plan from the beginning."

"Oh, do not let him escape."

"No fear, I will have one of our deputy sheriffs put him under arrest immediately."

The response on the telephone surprised him. From the insurance company's office in New Rochelle they answered that Dr. Campion had not been in his office all day. Detectives were trailing him, but no further information was available. He turned away from the instrument, vexed.

"We will have to wait a little longer," he said. "Then I will turn the whole matter over to the police."

"AFTER TWENTY YEARS!"

Mrs. Farnham ejaculated the words with a bitter intensity. Her nervelessness disappeared. The swift rebound of her brain to a dangerous height of excitement showed in her tight lips and glittering eyes.

"I have prayed for this," she cried, "prayed to see him with the shackles on his wrists. I knew the day would come when I could gaze at him thru the bars of a cell."

She looked as tho she saw him thus at the very moment. There was a knock. Myra opened the door.

On the threshold stood Abner Campion.

"I have come here," he began, "with an order from the court and with one of its officers, to enforce my right as her physician to see Millicent Campion."

He was very calm, very determined. Toward them all, generally, he held out some kind of a document. Arthur guessed it was merely an order to show cause why he should not be admitted, and that he had obtained it for the purpose of frightening Myra and her mother into consenting to his interview with Millicent.

Back of Abner, in the shadows of the hall, stood a man in the blue uniform of a court attendant, whose presence, entirely unnecessary, was paid for with a few dollars, in order to further intimidate the women.

"Let me see your order," said Arthur.

"You are not concerned in this matter, sir. This order is directed to Myra Campion and Myra Farnham."

He made a quick movement to the door of Millicent's room. Mrs. Farnham sprang forward, stood in front of him.

"Stop!"

Arthur's command was simultaneous with the woman's action. Abner paused, disconcerted. Arthur's presence prevented him from bullying the women. At the same time he meant to reach Millicent, appeal to her by her love of Benjamin to keep silence and to make a lying promise to take her to her husband's hiding place as soon as she was able to move.

Mrs. Farnham suddenly flung open the door of the death chamber.

"You are too late, Abner Campion," she cried. "Look there!"

She pointed to the bed, to the slim, slender form stretched upon it, to the lily-white face aureoled in the mass of red-gold hair, to the crossed hands on the peaceful breast.

"Look on your latest victim!"

The man blanched for an instant, then pulled himself together and turned to leave the room.

"Very sad," he murmured, "very sad."

His eyes fastened on Myra with a sudden gleam of ferocity and hate.

"You are alone to blame for her death," he hissed. "You stole her from her physician on the eve of her recovery. I will make it go hard with you."

"It will go hard with you, Abner Campion," cried the mother, "when you stand in court and answer for her murder with poison!"

"What babble is this?" he said. "I will report these words to the police immediately and ask for your arrest."

He moved towards the hall.

"One moment," interrupted Arthur. "I will go with you to the police."

The doctor made a motion to his hip pocket.

"Useless!" said Arthur. He had the pseudo physician covered with an automatic. "Go quietly. I will be one foot behind you."

Abner passed out without a word. His usually placid face was seamed with the quick workings of his mind. He could not guess how much they knew, but felt he was in a trap and his intellect fermented trying to devise an escape.

On the sidewalk Arthur motioned to two detectives.

"Take this man to the nearest police station and accuse him of the murder of Benjamin Campion and Millicent Campion."

Abner shriveled when he heard the name of Benjamin and realized what the accusation meant. He had not suspected that there could be a scintilla of suspicion in that direction. He made another motion towards his weapon, but the men were too quick. They snapped the handcuffs on him.

"Let me know when he is sent to headquarters. I will join you there."

They carried him off. Arthur rejoined Myra and her mother The woman was still in a state of exaltation, almost like that in which the visions had come to her. Myra had taken little part in these incidents, it seemed as tho she had brought events to a certain stage and then Arthur and Abner and Mrs. Farnham had seized their management and direction. Each felt that they were near the crisis of an epoch in their lives.

"We have him safe," said Arthur, at length, "but it will be difficult to bring either crime home to him—if not impossible in Benjamin's case. We can only wait till headquarters reports. They will photograph him, take his Bertillon measurements, take prints of his fingers——"

"Fingers—fingers—" murmured Mrs. Farnham, under a new percussion of her sub-conscious psyche,"—fingers—Myra's fingers—Nylie—Nymie—Nykie—Nykie's fingers—fingers——"

She stood up while she spoke, stretched out of her hands, and with unseeing eyes, moved about the room. Her fingers twitched, her arms moved, she seemed like a somnambulist seeking some object in vacancy.

Myra and Arthur watched her spellbound. Her feet forced her around the apartment apparently without her own volition. At length she came in front of the mantel. Her hands reached up and searched.

Suddenly, with an air of triumph, she seized the little statuette, the Tanagara with the great wings and the windblown draperies which Millicent had given Myra as a souvenir of her father. She uttered no word, but carried it over to Arthur.

"What shall I do with this," he asked, as he took it and looked at the garland and the palm-branch in the hands.

"I do not know," she answered, as she came out of her somnambulistic state. "Something, I do not know what, urged me to get it and to give it to you."

"You repeated the old names," said Myra, trying to rouse some reccollection. "First you said Myra's fingers, then you said the other names Nymie, Nylie, Nykie."

Mrs. Farnham could not remember. Arthur looked fondly at Myra and laughed as he examined the statuette.

"There seems to be another woman in the case," he said. Myra told him how and when Millicent gave it to her. As she spoke she gave a little start and laid her hand on his arm.

"You recall mother's vision" she asked. "She said that when Abner was in the shack he handled one of the little statues, then wiped his hands as tho he had soiled them.

The girl was almost as excited as her mother had been. She did not know why. She felt there must be some reason

Send No Money
Pay Postman $4.95 on Arrival
Gold Filled Watch Bracelet
POST PAID

Send for this rich looking gold filled Combination Watch-Bracelet to-day. You will find it to be a $10.00 value. Has adjusted 7-jewel movement, the case being gold filled and warranted to wear 10 years. It is a stem-wind and stem-set model and it looks like a very expensive watch. The picture shows you what a handsome model it is and the gold dial adds to its attractiveness. The bracelet is flexible and will fit any wrist, so you need not hesitate to order on account of size. It is sent direct to you, as pictured, in a velvet and silk lined box. Each watch is examined before leaving the factory and you will find them perfect timepieces.

Don't Hesitate! Our Money-Back Guarantee Protects You.

So positive are we that you will be completely with your watch that we ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE to refund your money if you are not satisfied after examination; therefore do not hesitate to order. Send no money. Just rush your name and address. Your watch will be sent by return prepaid mail and delivered right to your door by the postman. Pay the postman our advertised price of $4.95 on arrival, and remember, if you are not entirely pleased after examination, return your watch and we will refund your money, every cent of it.

EMPIRE CITY MFG. CO.
Dept. 150, 138 5th Ave., New York

why the words tumbled out of her mouth as tho she were not giving them utterance.

Arthur regarded her strangely. Then his thoughts came slowly.

"It may be that——"

He took the Tanagara to the window. After a long scrutiny he said:

"I cannot tell. We need a magnifier, but I think the base of the figure shows markings of fingers."

"Abner's fingers?" asked the old woman.

"Possibly. They will know at headquarters.'

"The fire has betrayed him," cried the mother. "The very element he depended on to cover up his crime has baked the clay and preserved the evidence against him."

AND they did know at headquarters.

The old officer in charge of the fingerprint department had not an instant of doubt when he compared the markings with the enlargements of the whorls and ridges at the tips of Abner's fingers.

It was late in the evening. Arthur, Myra and Mrs. Farnham were there.

"This fastens the case absolutely upon him," exclaimed Arthur. "There is no escaping this proof. We will prove that he hired the automobile, that he was at the shack, we will admit now that it was Benjamin's body that was found—here is the final clew—the motive is plain—the circumstantial evidence convicts him."

"That's one case," said the chief, standing by. "We have also found in his office more of the sugar-coated pills. He hasn't a chance."

The fingerprint officer laughed here and said:

"As they say in France chercez la femme. Our friend Abner should not have stopped to flirt with this little woman."

He held up the Tanagara as he spoke.

"Nike got him in bad."

"Nike?"

"Nike?"

"Nike?"

The three wondering exclamations came at once from Arthur, Myra and Mrs. Farnham.

"Sure! Nike!" said the officer, holding up the statuette. "This is Nike, the Greek goddess of Victory."

"What a stupid I am," cried Arthur. "The famous Nike of Samothrace. I never thought of it."

"Nike—fingers—that is the message," said Mrs. Farnham softly. Then Benjamin did appear to me in Chicago, he gave us the clew to his own death and we doubted. I shall never doubt again."

"I can explain everything else by the subconscious," said Arthur, "but I must confess I have no explanation for the message in Chicago."

Nor did anyone else ever find an explanation. It is one of the things left for our science to upravel with the thousand and one other things of the unknown and the occult.

* * * * * * *

Six months later! Abner had been convicted. Arthur and Myra had stood together in front of a clergyman and had pledged themselves to each other for life and death.

"I can thank the message for one thing," whispered Arthur to his wife. He held her hand in his—

"Myra's fingers!"

THE END.

* * *

Teetering on the Brink.

AFTER a sermon by an old colored preacher one of the brethern said to him. "Br'er Jenkins, how fur off, you reckon, hell is?"

"How old is you, Br'er Thomas?" asked the preacher.

"Well, suh, ef I don't miss my kalkerlations I is sixty-fo'."

"Well," said the preacher, "we'en you wuz born inter dis worl', hell wuz jes' sixty-fo' years off, an' all I got ter say is, ef you ain't in sight er it now, it ain't yo' fault!"

* * *

Incurable.

A VERY fat man, for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open.

"Sir," said the physician, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes, your mouth opens."

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

No. 1161.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 9442.—Boys' Blouse. Cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1073.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 32-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1139.—Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 9654.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1137.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 9875.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with 3¼ yards edging. Price 12 cents.

No. 8975.—Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find ..... Send me the Patterns listed below:

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Name .....

Street or P. O. Box .....

Town ..... State .....

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

Everything for QUALITY— *nothing for show*

THAT'S OUR IDEA in making CAMELS—the Quality Cigarette.

Why, just buy Camels and look at the package! It's the best packing science has devised to keep cigarettes fresh and full flavored for your taste. Heavy paper outside—secure foil wrapping inside and the revenue stamp over the end to seal the package and keep it air-tight.

And note this! There's nothing flashy about the Camel package. No extra wrappings that do not improve the smoke. Not a cent of needless expense that must come out of the quality of the tobacco.

Camels wonderful and exclusive Quality wins on merit alone.

Because, men smoke Camels who want the taste and fragrance of the finest tobaccos, expertly blended. Men smoke Camels for Camels smooth, refreshing mildness and their freedom from cigaretty aftertaste.

Camels are made for men who think for themselves.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Genuine Phonograph FREE

Plays the Standard 10-Inch Records

Victor, Columbia, Emerson, Brunswick, Okeah—You can play them all on this wonderful little phonograph. Many happy hours are in store for you and your friends—send for it today on our liberal free offer! Substantially made, with durable spring motor in handsome polished metal case; compact, light, easy to carry.

Take It With You—

Camping, Picnics, Boating, Motoring, Etc.

It will add zest and life to your outings. A soothing barcarolle in the stillness of the woodlands, a hilarious bandpiece, a thrilling violin virtuoso, a lively dance number that will make your toes tingle—whatever suits your fancy can be yours.

How To Get This Phonograph Free!

Send no money—just your name and address, and we will send you 12 beautifully colored 16x20 pictures, most popular subjects, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can do it in an hour or so. For this, we'll ship you the phonograph absolutely Free and Postpaid. Send your name and address on a postal or by letter TODAY!

Phonograph Dept. 21, W. U. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

U.S. Army Munson Last Shoe

Made of pliable Chrome Leather. Broad, Solid Oak Leather Heels, Double Thick Soles. Dirt and Water Proof.

$2.85 Bellows Tongue. Sizes 5½ to 12.

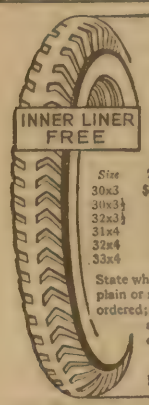
Guarantee

You must be entirely satisfied or we will refund your money.

Pay Postman

Send no money. Just send your name, address and size. Your shoes will be sent by return mail. Pay postman $2.85 and postage on arrival.

CIVILIAN ARMY & NAVY SHOE CO.
Dept. 293. 461 8th Ave., New York.



RECONSTRUCTED TIRES

The SUPERIOR PROCESS Guarantees them for 6,000 Miles.

The Superior Prices make them a wonderful bargain. Surely such big savings make it worth while to buy Superior Tires. Don't wait for a blowout, order a spare now.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$5.50	$1.65	34x4	$9.25	$2.60
30x3½	6.50	1.80	34x4½	10.75	2.85
32x3½	7.50	2.00	35x4½	11.00	2.90
31x4	8.50	2.40	36x4½	11.50	3.00
32x4	8.75	2.45	35x5	12.25	3.20
33x4	9.00	2.50	37x5	12.75	3.35

State whether you want straight side or clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2 deposit for each tire ordered; $1 deposit on tubes, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if full amount is sent with order.

SUPERIOR TIRE COMPANY
Dept. K-71, 633 First Ave., N.Y.

A Few Cents Will Rid House of Mosquitoes

SEND NO MONEY

For years I have used a wonderfully effective and simple means of exterminating mosquitoes in my home. My friends have persuaded me to let the public benefit by my idea. No more sleepless nights under my method. Don't send a penny. Just your name and address on a post card. I will send my wonderful preparation SKEETERKIL with complete directions. Pay the postman 90c (ninety cents) when SKEETERKIL is delivered at your door. References, American Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SKEETERKIL COMPANY, 915 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 1 No. 2

Just Send Your Name

We want you to wear one of our sparkling oriental gems 10 days free. These wonderful new perfect cut gems have all the dazzling fire and brilliancy of a real diamond. The luxurious, blue white gems—each a carat in size—are perfect diamond cut, and absolutely flawless. Mounted in beautiful heavy high-grade 14 K. gold s. ring, men's or women's style as illustrated.

No Money Simply tell us which of the rings you want. We will send the ring you choose without one penny in advance. When ring arrives, simply deposit $3.65 with postman. After 10 days' wear, if you can tell it from a costly diamond, we will refund every cent of your money. (To determine proper ring size, send narrow strip of paper that meets around finger where it is to be worn.)

IGIN SUPPLY CO., 2020 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

FREE NATURAL VISION TRIAL GLASSES

Let me send you these NATURAL VISION GLASSES prepaid. After 10 days Free Trial, remit $2.75 or return glasses. In ordering tell age and how long you've worn glasses. Send for yours TODAY.

SPECTACLE MAN, 2 WINONA, MINN.

New Remedy for Piles

PILE-EZE is so quick in its relief, so different, **Sent Free** that the manufacturers offer to send a $2 tube for your own private use, and not a cent to pay unless you are glad to pay when convinced that this blessed relief has cured your piles. Here's something every pile sufferer has been looking for, and when like magic pain is gone and healing sets in you will be mighty glad you accepted this free offer. Simply send name and you be the judge. Pile-Eze Co., Dept. 20-B, Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Where Was Chalmers at 10 P. M.?

(Continued From Page 11.)

let at a few minutes before 10 the night of the murder, in spite of any statements his counsel may make to the effect that Chalmers was at home at the time of the shooting?"

"Object," said Crosby promptly. "Witness is testifying only to signatures."

The objection was sustained. Whereupon old man Queed, surveying the jury thru his owlish spectacles, uttered a peculiar statement.

"On account of having been employed by both sides in this case, I confess that I am highly puzzled. But if the defense excuses me for the present as the prosecutor's witness, I will give further opinions regarding the signatures when I am called back to the stand as witness for the defense."

"Excused so far as this side is concerned," was Crosby's curt answer.

And with the jurymen still staring at each other, the author of the cryptic statement climbed down off the stand.

Ballmeier gathered together his papers and faced the Judge.

"The prosecution closes its case," he announced simply. Then he turned and surveyed his opponent curiously, disdainfully.

Judge Lockhart cast his eyes in the direction of the big clock in the courtroom, whose hands pointed to a quarter of 4. Then, in his black gown, he stood up.

"On account of the annual meeting tomorrow of the Association of Sitting Judges of Cook County, there will be no court on the Saturday half holiday. Court will reconvene Monday morning, to hear the defense in the trial of the State vs. Chalmers." And he swept into his chambers, while the clerk droned off the usual magic formula that dismissed court.

Crosby, his portfolio in his hand, made his way slowly back to his office in the Otis building.

There he sat for a full hour, thinking, his feet propped up on his desk, his portfolio lying unopened before him. Suddenly his telephone bell rang. He swung forward in his swivel chair, and raised the receiver.

"Hello."

"Mr. Crosby's offices?"

"The same. Crosby speaking."

"This is Assistant Warden Rock of the county jail talking. Mr. Chalmers asks that you come to the jail at once, bringing with you a handbag packed for traveling. He says it is very important that he see you immediately. Will I be able to tell him you'll come?"

Crosby glanced out of the corner of his eye at the tiny leather grip which he always kept in his office, packed, in case of emergency, with a few traveling essentials. Then, puzzledly, he spoke into the transmitter.

"I'll come at once," he said.

Evidently something very unusual and surprising has developed to cause Chalmers to send for his attorney at this hour. What that surprising something is is narrated in the opening paragraphs of the next installment. And incidentally, can the ex-farmer boy, still a youngster in the courts, nevertheless with his feet firmly planted on the big-time legal circuit, break the steel net that Ballmeier, old and crafty in hanging men, has woven about Chalmers? If so, how? It will well repay readers to follow every line of the coming developments.

❧ ❧ ❧

It's Ancient Stuff Now.

"YOU are the greatest fellow for reading advertisements!" remarked the critical boarder to the ancient boarder. Then he bawled out to the other boarders: "What do you think he's doing? Reading school and college ads!"

"Yes," confessed the ancient boarder, "I always read school and college ads, and especially the advertisements of the college I went to. You may not believe it, but when I read about that college I almost forgot that I have been there already. It is all I can do to keep myself from boarding the train and hiking back to the old alma mater to matriculate."

"Are you really a college graduate?" asked the inquisitive boarder. "And did you learn much?"

"I was graduated," replied the ancient boarder, "but I didn't learn much. The things I didn't learn would fill a book. I am always grieved when I think of what I didn't learn. I expected to learn a lot of baseball and football and tennis and things like that, but I was stung. I went all thru college and never learned to curve a ball, play quarter back, jump hurdles, vault, dance the german or any of those useful things. I didn't get into the glee club and I didn't pull an oar in the races. I missed so much that I want to go back!"

"I am something like that," declared the pretty teacher, "not with colleges, but with summer resorts. I read the seductive literature of the summer resorts and then I almost go back to the one I went to the year before, altho I know that the young man isn't there."

"The young man?" inquired the landlady, keenly.

"Yes," explained the pretty teacher. "The resort folder shows a handsome young man playing tennis, dancing, rowing boats and sitting on the veranda—a lovely young man in white flannels. I never realize that the young man isn't there while I am at the resort, but when I come away and run across the ad again I realize that I missed him, and I'm always sorry. It's funny that I never see him."

"The young man is there all right," replied the ancient boarder. "The trouble is that you don't recognize him on account of his beard."

"Beard!" gasped the pretty teacher.

"Yes, indeed," replied the ancient boarder. "The summer resort has been using that same picture for years. The photo showing the young man in flannels engaged in boating, flirting and other delightful pastimes was taken years and years ago! Some visitor to the resort has long since married him, and he's grown a beard."

"Then there's no use going to that resort!" announced the landlady's daughter.

❧ ❧ ❧

Think It Over.

DOWN in Virginia a farmer had an ox and a mule that he hitched together to a plow. One night, after several days of continuous plowing, and after the ox and mule had been stabled and provendered for the night, the ox said to the mule: "We've been working pretty hard; let's play off sick tomorrow and lie here in the stalls all day."

"You can if you want to," returned the mule, "but I'll go to work."

So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox pretended that he was sick. The farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him fresh hay, a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went out with the mule to plow.

All that day the ox lay in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes, and gently swished his tail.

That night when the mule came in, the ox asked him how they got along plowing alone all day. "Well," said the mule, "it was hard and we didn't get much done, and——"

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" asked the ox.

"No," replied the mule.

"Well—then," went on the ox, "I believe I'll play off again tomorrow; it was certainly fine lying here all day and resting."

"That's up to you," said the mule, "but I'll go out and plow."

So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provendered with hay, bran and oats, and lay all day nodding, blinking, chewing his cud and gently swishing his tail.

When the mule came in at night the ox asked him again how they had made out.

"About the same as yesterday," replied the mule coldly.

"Did the old man have anything to say to you about me?" again inquired the ox.

"No," replied the mule, "not to me, but he did have a d—n long talk with the butcher on the way home."

❧ ❧ ❧

The Other Man's Canoe.

"SO YOU are going on a summer vacation?" the man said to an acquaintance on the street.

"Yes," was the reply

"Are you going to take a canoe along?"

"Yes, yes. They all do."

"Are you going to try to paddle that canoe?"

"I am."

"Do you expect it to capsize with you?"

"I do."

"Do you expect to be drowned?"

"Certainly, I do."

"And they will recover your body and hold an inquest on it, and the verdict of the jury will be: 'Died from being too much of a jackass.'"

"That will be the verdict," said the other with a wave of his hand, "and now I must be off seeing about the shipment of the canoe. Yes, my friend, you are dead-right, but, to be in the social swim, I must have a canoe and it must capsize with me and I get drowned. So long, you—so long!"

❧ ❧ ❧

Going Down.

A NERVOUS woman went to have her throat examined by a specialist, who, while adjusting the laryngoscope, remarked: "You'd be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument."

"Is that so, Doctor?" faltered the patient. Then, after a pause, she said, "Before you begin, Doctor, I ought to tell you that I really hadn't time to mend that hole in my stocking before I came here."

❧ ❧ ❧

Abnormal Psychology.

ALICE—When we were visiting the asylum we saw a woman who thought she was a princess.

Malice—That's nothing. At the university we have 500 who think they're queens.

MADE-TO-MEASURE $1.97

Express or Postage Prepaid

Guaranteed for 2 years solid wear or your money cheerfully refunded. These pants are a "Wonder-Value" worth $6.50 sent to you for $1.97 as a sample of fine tailoring.

AGENTS WANTED

EARN $50.00 a week in your spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for our

BIG FREE OUTFIT

with dozens of the newest styles and attractive woolen samples to choose from. Everything sent FREE.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO.
Dept. H-310 Chicago, Illinois

FINE OLD VIOLINS

On Easy Payments 30 Days Free Trial

allowed, no matter where you live. If not more than pleased with our values return violin AT OUR EXPENSE—and no harm done. Ability to play the violin brings social and financial success. Get a violin with a rich, mellow tone and it will create in you a desire to master it.

Free! Magnificent Album-Catalog

containing portraits of the world's greatest violinists since Paganini's time, a half-tone of "Stradivarius in His Workshop," and the romantic story of The King of Musical Instruments. A postal brings all to you FREE—no obligations.

CREMONA VIOLIN SHOP
Dept. 101 Chicago

AGENTS WANTED

Easy Money for You

Be Your Own Boss and Laugh at Hard Times

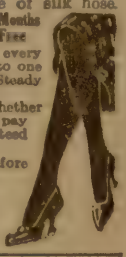
Stop depending on a job and let us start you in business. Write at once for our money making plan. You can sell our high quality coffees, teas, spices, extracts, etc. on sight. No experience required—simply do as we tell you. You can make big money under our plan. Our big line has been famous for forty years. Don't miss this offer—write today. References—Any bank in St. Louis.

Great Eastern Coffee & Tea Co.
Dept. B30 St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: $48 a Week

taking orders for *guaranteed hosiery* for men and women. All styles, and finest line of silk hose.

Guaranteed One Year Must Wear 12 Months or Replaced Free



Pleasant work. Handsome profits. Sell every day in the year. Often sell dozen pairs to one family. Make permanent customers. Steady income. Sell for less than store prices. Mrs. McClure makes over $2,000 a year. Whether you devote spare time or full time it will pay any man or woman to handle this guaranteed line. Get started at once.

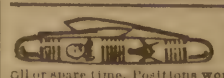
Silk Hose Free—Try our hosiery before selling it. We want you to become familiar with our hosiery line. Write quick for particulars if you mean business, and state size of hose worn.

Thomas Mfg. Co., H4517 Dayton, O.

Big Money

Made by agents selling our wonderful Facial Soap, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Spices, Extracts, etc. Free cake of soap & agents terms mailed to any address.

Lacassian Co., Dept. 452 St. Louis, Mo.



Sales Agents

wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co. 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Red Welkin

(Continued From Page 13)

This substance, of which sulphur was one of the principal ingredients, had the property of emitting light and flame under different degrees of friction; and Guldred himself had seen both of these qualities manifested, the light being of the peculiar glowing kind which he supposed had emanated from the crucifix. For Guldred having been behind the monk during the entire episode of the crucifix, and the latter having been turned toward the sailors and consequently away from Guldred, he had only seen the halo of the light and had been forced to depend upon his imagination and the somewhat confused and contradictory accounts of the sailors and passengers for his conception of the light itself. He remembered that the formula of this sulphuric substance had been left with the Benedictine abbot with strict injunctions to use it cautiously, as its use might easily be construed into witchcraft or sorcery in that dark age and bring down the thunders and punishments of the church on the user.

These thoughts occupied Guldred until sunrise. The sun came up clear and red over the eastern headlands. Guldred roused the captain from a deep sleep according to orders. The skipper looked around and said:

"'Tis as I thought. We're in Tramore Bay, south of Waterford town. We'll eat a snack an' then work 'round into th' harbor."

About four hours later the little craft was making fast to one of the piers of Waterford.

The Danes, called by the Irish, Duggaill, or black foreigners, held Waterford at this time. Many of their ships, both war craft and traders, were anchored along the water front. The former largely predominated, and among the latter were merchantmen from various nations. On three sides the town was defended by a ditch and a low mound surmounted by a rude stockade; on the other by the River Suir: for the Danes depended on their strong arms and mighty battle-axes more than on any mere fortifications. Tho containing quite a large population, Waterford had no pretentious buildings at that time. Its inhabitants were largely warlike and only traded to eke out the spoils of wars and raids.

On this particular morning the inhabitants were buzzing like bees and like them ready to strike on short notice. For the town had been assaulted in the early dawn and nearly surprised by the Irishry. Brian Boru, king of Munster (or Cashel), with the courage and genius of a hero, was even then aiming at the sovereignty of Ireland, and was trying to sweep the Danes back into the sea as a preliminary step. He was the chief inciter, if not the actual director of the present attack.

The English captain, when he heard of this attack, looked at his people significantly and laid his finger on his lip. For the benefit of the duller ones he said: "Best keep our fingers out o' this pie. 'Tis none o' our cutting; an' a still tongue ofttimes saves th' head." They had disembarked and soon began to scatter, having been told to be ready to sail the following morning.

CHAPTER XI.

STIRRING THE HORNET'S NEST.

GULDRED roved about for several hours. The place somehow chimed with his mood. There was little, indeed, to interest or attract in the town itself. Its houses were nearly all of wood—low, and wearisomely alike. No imposing church lifted its cross-mounted spire up into the sky like a giant among dwarfs, for the Danes were heathen, and neither wanted nor tolerated the like. But it was the people, wild, turbulent, freen, and picturesque which lent an air of romance to the place. It was a very berserker haunt. Its narrow streets thronged with warriors and vikings. All trades and occupations ministered to these sons of Mars. The forges of the armorers were going night and day and the clang of their hammers made stirring music. The chief topic of conversation, as far as Guldred's scanty knowledge of Danish allowed him to catch it, was wars and forays. Alehouses were numerous and well-patronized. Very little law or order prevailed except the law of the strongest and the order of militarism. The salt of the sea and the sniff of the fray were in the very air and stirred in Guldred the blood of youth and a certain latent strain of daring and adventure therein.

Among these scenes Guldred wandered with quickening pulse and brightening eye. He was not happy, for how could he be, exiled as he was from the place and people he loved, especially from Adeleve, and with a certain shadow of infamy hanging over him? But he longed for action to banish thought, and surely among so many swords there must be one that would fit his hand. And somehow he felt that here he would find the road that would lead to the goal.

Once, as he turned abruptly at the end of a cul-de-sac alley, he was surprised to see the monk of the vessel behind him. The monk was gazing fixedly at the door of a certain house and did not invite conversation. Guldred passed in silence and saw him no more that day. In fact he did not look for him because he forgot about him in that little world of action and brute life. Guldred was drifting at present, drifting and waiting for some grappling-hook of destiny to take him in tow.

As night drew on he began to be exceedingly hungry. He thrust his hand into his wallet, which he had kept replenished for emergencies, and drew out some pieces of bread and scraps of meat, which he began to munch as he walked along. Nobody seemed to mark him, for all sorts of manners were tolerated there. Then he began to feel thirst—the old, evil kind which had been the bane of his life and which he had hitherto fought down manfully since leaving Wodenstow. The sight of the alehouses and the tipplers therein, the smell of liquor which was wafted forth from these haunts and seemed to impregnate the very air, aroused the old appetite until it overbore reason, duty, and every other consideration.

He turned into a small corner alehouse and, seating himself at a small table, called for a drink. A horn of ale was brought. He gulped it down and called for another. This he also drank. His face began to flush and he shouted an order for more drink. When it came he held it out anticipatively. As he did so it was suddenly struck from his grasp by an unseen hand and fell clattering to the floor. He arose angrily and looked about. No one was near and the street door behind him was closed. He opened it and looked out. There was no one in the vicinity who seemed likely to be the interrupter. In fact he had not heard the door open or shut and had only looked out as the most plausible source of his interruption. He resumed his place at the table and called for another stoup of liquor. When it came he grasped it firmly and defiantly, looking about in a searching way. The door was closed; there was no one in the room near him. He scarcely noticed a little window just over the table with an oiled paper frame.

He raised the stoup aloft as tho to challenge gods and men and devils, and doing thus, heard a slight rustle behind him, and the next instant found himself foolishly holding the stoup handle with a fragment of the vessel attached, while his knuckles stung from a glancing blow they had received. He jumped up in a frenzy and rushed out of doors. At some little distance he met an old woman coming along feebly supporting herself on a crutch. No one else was near. He questioned her excitedly, but she shook her head and went her way mumbling something unintelligible. He ran to each corner of the house and looked for a possible skulker, but found none. He went back into the alehouse puzzled and angry. The landlord, a burly Dane, was cleaning up the debris on the floor. Guldred seated himself at the table and ordered wine. The host pointed to the door. Guldred persisted and laid down coin sufficient for the wine and the broken stoup. The host pouched the money and pointed to the door. Guldred laid his hand on his dagger hilt. The Dane sprang to a corner and taking thence a great two-handed battle-ax whirled it aloft threateningly. Guldred, indignant but overawed, arose and went out.

HE STALKED recklessly along the streets. The shadows of night had already begun to fall, and the air bit keenly. He walked on thus for quite a time aimless and reckless, revolving wild schemes in his brain while the fumes of the liquor seethed therein. But after a time the effects of the liquor wore off and he began to see matters more clearly and sanely. There was no doubt in his mind that some big enterprise was afoot among these Danes—perhaps, yes, more than probably aimed at England. A great, soul-lifting idea came to him. Why could he not garner up all the information possible and then go back to England to warn and aid in the defense? Thus he could wipe out the disgrace put upon him by the lord of Wodenstow; thus redeem himself in Adeleve's eyes.

An opportunity soon came to put this plan in practice. He found himself in front of a building somewhat more pretentious than the others. Before the door paced a big Dane in complete war array and with a battle-ax across his shoulder. Guldred accosted him and asked who dwelt within, calling to his aid his scanty supply of Danish. "Thelgar, the Dane," replied the sentinel. Guldred asked if he could speak with him. The sentry looked at him doubtfully.

While they were talking the door opened and three warriors came out. A torch that blazed in a sconce by the door lighted up their wolfish faces and shimmered on their coats of mail. The sentry spoke to one of them who came forward. He was an oldish man with heavily whiskered face, hawk nose, and very keen eyes.

"What wouldst with me?" he demanded in Danish, fixing both sentry and Guldred with his sharp eyes.

"Canst speak English?" asked Guldred.

"A little," answered the warrior in that language. "What of it?"

"I would speak with you in private, thane," replied Guldred with subtle but unstudied flattery.

The Dane paused thoughtfully a moment, turned to his companions and said something which Guldred did not understand, then turned back into the house motioning Guldred to follow. They entered a large low room with a dark-beamed ceiling and with various seats scattered about covered and underlaid by costly furs. A cheerful fire blazed in the huge fireplace and glistened on swords, spears and armor that thickly lined the walls.

Thelgar, the Dane, turned and fastened a sternly inquiring look upon his visitor. His eyes were blue, but it was the blue of tempered steel.

"My lord," said Guldred, "I am an Englishman."

"So?" replied the Dane and waited for more.

"Yes, my lord, but I have suffered great scathe and wrong in England. Would you like one to guide you to treasure in that land?"

"And help yourself to revenge?" supplemented Thelgar with a grim smile.

"Mayhap. Do you go thither soon?"

"Look I like one that bears his heart upon his sleeve?" demanded the Dane, drawing his sword and laying it in half menace across his arm. "Think you gray hairs bring nought of wisdom that I should chatter to spies and strangers and the winds of heaven of what I pur-

MAKES GAS IN ANY STOVE

New Burner Beats City Gas for Cooking and Baking—Burns 94% Air.

A wonderful new burner which works in any stove and beats city gas, coal or wood for cooking and baking, is the proud achievement of the International Heating Company, 4509 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. This amazingly simple and inexpensive invention makes the hottest kind of a blaze, controlled by a simple valve. It is perfectly safe and can be installed in twenty minutes. It does away with all dirt, smoke and kitchen drudgery, and is ideal for summer cooking. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on thirty day's trial to any reader of this paper. They make a special offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

GET IT! Betty Gordon's Big Fall Price Sensation

Great Bargain Offer

SERGE DRESS

One Piece Design with Vestee

Elaborately Decorated with French-Knot Embroidery

Only $2.88

Be Sure to State SIZE

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

Delivered FREE

Yes indeed! This dress has created a sensation—and no wonder! It's the smartest, snappiest style you ever saw. It's made of a good quality of Blue Serge and Betty Gordon has chopped off half the price! Think of what you will save

Send No Money

Betty Gordon wants to make it easy for her customers to see this wonderful dress. She says they'll never know how pretty it is—how rich in value until they see it for themselves. So you just write your name, address and the size you wear on a postal and send it to us. We will ship you the dress by return mail. Pay postman only $2.88 for WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES. Then, if you are not delighted with your dress and with your bargain, send back the dress and get your money immediately. But neither your friends nor yourself can help but admire this wonderful bargain—this beautiful creation!

Be Quick

Order by No. 3A399

Rich Value

Serge for Long Wear

Low Price Records Smashed!

Just think of $2.88 buying a splendid, stylish dress like this—why you can hardly believe it! That's why you ought to see it for yourself. Made of a good quality Blue Serge in one-piece design with vestee, artistically and skillfully embroidered in conventional floral and running designs contrasting colors. On the skirt these designs are bound with silk braid, overlaid with contrasting colored silk. Long tailored sleeves and loose belt which delicately defines the waist-line, ties loosely and adds a distinctive Betty Gordon style touch. It's a value that surprises even Betty Gordon's old customers. Sizes: Misses, 14 to 18 years. Women's 34 to 44 inches bust measure. Order by No. 3A399. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE

GORDON'S CLOAK HOUSE

"America's Leading Mail Order Women's Specialty House"

900 W. Monroe St., Dept. 3511 CHICAGO

PRIZE PUZZLE PICTURE

Everybody wins a prize who answers this puzzle. Try your skill. There are more than twenty objects in this picture that begin with the letter C. If you can find just six of them and mark those objects with a cross (X) do so at once, cut this puzzle picture out and mail it right now.

YOU WIN A PRIZE

and that prize will be a large County Fair Puzzle Picture, and we will show you how easy it is to win a $25 or $500 prize.

Everybody Who Answers This Wins A Prize FREE

All you need to do is to find six objects that begin with the letter C, mark them with a cross (X). Mail this picture at once with your name and address, and we will send you a prize of the Big Picture at once, and tell you how to win the big money. This is not a lottery, a guessing or subscription contest. It is a plain straight test of skill. It is an absolutely fair offer, and you can win, as well as anyone else if you try.

Send in your answer quick, right now, send no money, and you get full details and your big prize picture Free, and a free copy of our big magazine.

WIN $500.00 — TRY IT

THE FEMININE REVIEW, Room 980, CAXTON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

7 Pc. Sterling Silver Crystal Water Set FREE

Your Own Initial In Sterling Silver

Each Set consists of six one-half pint tumblers and one three-pint pitcher, all of the finest American Made Glass. Egg-shell thin and with a sheen like the finest imported ware. Every piece is decorated with your own initial in Sterling Silver, surrounded by a sterling silver wreath. The rims are also banded with sterling silver.

Our Great Offer

We will give you this beautiful set absolutely free, in return for a few minutes easy work. Just send us your name and address, and we will send you by return mail twelve of our beautifully colored 16 x 20 art pictures. Distribute these among your friends and neighbors on our greatest of all 50-cent offers, and we will send you the 7-piece set free to your home. You will be surprised how easy it is. Many do it in two hours.

To the Crystal Department, CB
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I want the seven-piece Crystal sterling silver water Set, Free by your special offer. Send me the 12 pictures and full particulars.

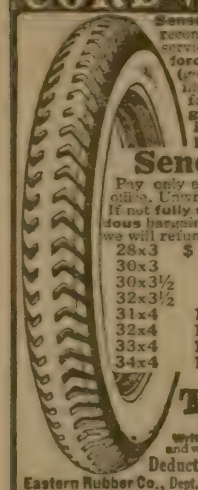
R. F. D., Street No
Name..... P. O. Box.....
Town..... State.....
(Initial wanted on set).....

Don't Delay! Act Now Use the Coupon

or letter, or post card will do, but send at once. The sets are going fast. Get yours now.

CRYSTAL DEPT.
W. D. BOYCE CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

6000 MILE CORD SERVICE TIRES



Sensational sale of high grade, reconstructed tires. These cord service tires are heavily reinforced with genuine new Miller (grooved to the road) treads as illustrated. Bought direct from factory at emergency prices, and guaranteed for 6000 miles. Do not confuse with so-called patched or double tread tires.

Send No Money

Pay only after examination at express office. Unwrapped section for inspection. If not fully satisfied, with the tremendous bargain value, return shipment and we will refund your money promptly.

28x3	$ 7.00	32x4½	$12.75
30x3	7.25	33x4½	13.25
30x3½	8.60	34x4½	14.00
32x3½	9.50	35x4½	14.15
31x4	10.50	36x4½	14.50
32x4	11.25	33x5	15.00
33x4	11.75	35x5	15.50
34x4	12.00	37x5	15.75

Standard-make **TUBE FREE** With each tire ordered

Write today. Be sure to state the size and whether S. S. or C. L. are wanted.

Deduct 10% if full cash with order

Eastern Rubber Co., Dept. 1318531 S. Peoria St., Chicago

VICTIMS RESCUED

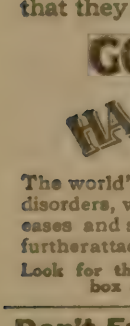
Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Don't Endure PILES



Write me and I will send you on trial my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment for Piles which has proven a blessing to thousands who are now free from this cruel, torturous disease. Send post card today for Full Treatment. If results are satisfactory costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing.

H. D. POWERS, Dept. 11, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The SHAW Motorbicycle

A dependable, easy running, speedy, high power motorbicycle at low cost. Chain drive. 90 to 125 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Absolutely guaranteed. Write at once for full information, also about the Shaw Attachment—makes your old bike a motorcycle.

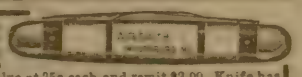
SHAW MFG. CO., Dept. 1-BW, GALESBURG, KANSAS

FREE TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.85 or return razor. Order Today.

JONES MFG. CO. 160 N. Wells St. Dept. 608, Chicago

KNIFE FREE



for selling 8 boxes ROSEBUD Salve at 25c each and remit $2.00. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order salve at once.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 220, Woodsboro, Md.

Gall-Stones?

Let us help you. Send for sample to W. R., Pharmacist, P. O. Box 706, Milwaukee, Wis.

How Boys MAKE MONEY

Selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout."

We send the papers so that they come to you on Friday. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell so that in addition to the valuable premiums we also give you, you will make

$1.00 to $5.00 per Week

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the premiums.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. I want to make money every week and get valuable premiums.

Name.....

St., R. F. D., Box No.....

Town..... State.....

pose to do. What is 't to you where I go or when?"

"Much or little as the case may be, my lord. A sure guide that knows the land might help you much; and with swords before and swords behind such a guide must needs walk straight."

The Danish chieftain did not reply at once. He bent his head thoughtfully looking askance at Guldred from time to time. His venerable and majestic figure crowned by his winged and beaked viking cap made a never-to-be-forgotten picture as the leaping firelight fell upon it. Presently he turned to his visitor. "Come again in the morning," he growled, nodding a curt dismissal.

Guldred went out where he found a growing concourse of Danish warriors about the door. Thelgar's words and conduct combined with what he had seen about the place confirmed Guldred in his previous opinion that some important warlike expedition was being organized.

He turned down the street the way he had come as the crowd of Danes obstructed his passage on the other side. A short distance from the door he stopped impelled by some whim of curiosity and turned about to look at the scene he had just left. Thelgar had come forth and was talking to one of the waiting warriors. As Guldred watched a tall figure rushed past him. Something in the walk and movements of this person struck him as being familiar. He watched, fascinated. In front of the door the tall figure paused, looking toward Thelgar who was still engaged in conversation. The sentinel touched the newcomer's arm and he turned about. The torchlight fell upon his face. It was Ulbert tho Tall.

Anger, hate, fear and surprise swelled tumultously in Guldred's breast. What did this fellow here? Surely for no good purpose. Beware of Ulbert! He's your foe." Those words of Crooked Crock came back to him with redoubled force. "Yes, my foe and England's," muttered Guldred, keeping his eyes on the crowd at Thelgar's door. He now noticed that the Danes were talking together and pointing toward the place where he was standing. He was evidently near enough to the circle of light so that he had been observed. His conduct had excited suspicion. Even if this were not so Thelgar would tell Ulbert about his late visitor and Ulbert who was not slow of wit, whatever else he lacked, would guess who that visitor was. He must act swiftly. Waterford would soon be too hot for him. He wheeled and hurried away, his curiosity more than satisfied and various projects buzzing in his brain.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HAUNTING PRESENCE.

THERE was no immediate pursuit. It would have been bootless if there had been. There were too many dark alleys and crooked streets where one could disappear in the darkness. He slowed down his gait after a while. He began to wonder where he would pass the night. Without any definite purpose he began to make his way down toward the shipping. He was neither hungry nor tired, but merely wanted a place to meditate undisturbed and sleep if sleep would come.

Not far from the water front he came to a rude inn. Sounds of revelry came forth. He stepped in and found the place filled with roisterers. He asked the host if he could have a quiet bed. He spoke in his own tongue and to his surprise was answered in the same. He could not have a bed, quiet or otherwise, said the publican. Every bed was taken. But, mine host continued in a low voice, Guldred being a fellow countryman should not be turned away if he could put up with such accommodations as the place afforded.

"Any port in a storm," quoted Guldred from his late skipper. The innkeeper nodded approvingly and having told an attendant to look after the wants of his noisy guests took down a lantern which he whisked under his apron and motioning Guldred to follow led the way out doors. He went around the house and entered a shed in the rear. Once inside he closed the door and lighted the lantern.

"'Tis better that you bide here," pointing to a number of straw trusses in one corner. "There you may sleep like a king with no fear of being routed out in the night and pressed into war service whether you will or no."

"What mean you?" queried Guldred hoping to get more information.

"Whist!" cautioned the other. "Walls have ears sometimes. There's something toward, but I may not say what or where on my life. I stand in the midst of pointed swords. Will you sup? I can bring it if you will."

"No, landlord. The sweet sound of English speech in the midst of this babel is better than supper to me. I may eat a bit in the morning. What is my reckoning?"

The landlord paused a moment before replying, fixing Guldred with a keen look. Then:

"Would you pay this same reckoning?"

"Certes, landlord."

"Then," whispered the landlord bending close to Guldred's ear, "tell the boy king of England to ware the Danes. I've put my life in your hands, but you're a true man an' I have learned to read men aright."

"You're right in your reading, landlord; and gramercy for your warning. The king shall know and England shall thank you."

The two gripped hands without another word and the publican departed.

It was long before Guldred slept. A tumult of feelings swept over him. The events of the day—the encounter with the monk, the strange interruption of his drinking bout, the scene at Thelgar the Dane's, the discovery of Ulbert, and the disclosures just made by the landlord, all thronged his mind like a motley mob beseiging the tribunal of reason.

At length he fell asleep. Then dreams came, vivid and soul-stirring. He thought he was lying on the straw in the same shed. Thru an open window the moonlight streamed in. It fell upon his face and made him blink. He heard the barking of a dog outside. It sounded like Hastings. Then, in a flash, he was back in England and it was in the cowhouse of Erdwulf that he lay. He heard a noise on the hay beside him. It might have been a mouse or the footsteps of a fairy, it was so delicate. He felt a human presence near and raised himself upon his elbow. Suddenly he saw beside him—with face suffused by moonlight—Adeleve. Her face was grave to the verge of sadness and she looked at him with strange appeal. He asked her what she wanted. She said that she had come to watch over him and save him. To save him from what, he asked. From his own appetites and moods, was her reply.

Then she went on to show him the possibilities that lay within his reach if he would only play the man and grasp them. Then her voice broke and she stopped. He saw tears glistening on her cheeks as the moonlight glorified her sorrow. A great yearning came over him and he reached up and tried to catch her hand. She retreated. Words of regret and love, mingled with promises of amendment struggled to his lips, but he could not utter them. A nightmare palsy was on his tongue. He struggled to his knees, but could rise no further. He moved toward her thus with hands held out yearningly. She steadily receded. The moonlight was suddenly quenched in darkness. He threw himself desperately forward trying to call her name, and awoke to find himself lying on his face where he had fallen over a bundle of straw.

He arose and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead with his sleeve. His heart thumped and his breath came gaspingly. The darkness was intense. He felt oppressed and strange forebodings seized him. He groped his way to the door, undid it, and looked out. The night was dark and the wind blew fitfully. The town seemed to be settling into a feverish sleep and occasionally the shout of some distant reveller or the barking of some dog reached his ear; while, mingled with these sounds, like the instrumental part of some weird opera, came the tinkle and clang of some armorer's hammer as he plied his warlike trade.

He could not guess what the hour might be. He might have slept one hour or five. The thought of the muffled throb of human life around him soothed him and tranquilized his nerves. But he was saddened somewhat by his dream, he was oppressed to a certain extent by the mystery and uncertainty about him, and the wheels of being moved slowly like a clock that has not been wound.

He stood for some time motionless drinking in the spirit of the thing. Somehow he could not bring himself to go back to bed. An invisible and resistless power seemed to be drawing him forth. He strolled out into the street and began to make his way toward the river front with a dimly formulated plan of returning in the morning for breakfast. The street was dark except for a faint glimmer from a casement here and there. He groped his way along. He met no one, but once or twice in a lull of the wind he thought he heard a stealthy step behind. His hearing was very acute. He stopped each time and turning around tried to pierce the gloom. The steps, if they were indeed steps and not an echo or a creation of his imagination, ceased. The darkness was impenetrable. He passed on, having made sure that his dagger was in his belt.

Presently he began to hear the murmur of the river and the creak of cordage. He cautiously approached the water's edge trying to locate his vessel in the gloom. With few exceptions there were no lights in the shipping around him. As he walked along the wharf feeling his way he stumbled over a taut rope. He rose and grasped it with both hands as he would have grappled an enemy who had waylaid him. It yielded and he pulled on it. He knew by the slight resistance that the craft it held could not be a large one. He kept pulling until the boat bumped the wharf. Urged by an unaccountable impulse he clambered down, still holding on to the rope until his feet touched the boat. He crawled along it cautiously while it swayed beneath his weight. There were two pairs of rowlocks and four oars lying in the boat's bottom. It seemed to be a fishing boat from certain tackle he could feel; and the owners had probably either left it temporarily but a short time before or had been caught in the net of dissipation at one of the town's alehouses.

Guldred crept out to the stern and sat down. His position sheltered him from the wind which was blowing from the west. The proximity of the water still further tempered the air which had moreover been getting milder as the night advanced, tho the wind was yet high. Nevertheless, having found a sailor's rough greatcoat under the seat he threw it around his shoulders.

The lapping of the water and the undulation of the boat soothed him and laid upon him their drowsy spell. He sat with his head inclined forward, elbows on knees, and face between his hands. He listened to the muffled breathing of the town and the fitful sighing of the wind.

He seemed to be receding from the world of sense and time into a realm of infinite rest and quiet. His eyes and senses closed. The Great Mother had lulled her child asleep.

His mind became like a little mountain lake where the winds that agitated it have died down, and at length not a ripple, not a dream even, plays across its surface. It has been lashed by storms before, it will be again, but just now it lies in perfect repose upon the lap of nature.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SCOURGE OF FIRE.

TIME passed, how much he never knew, and he awoke from his dreamless sleep. Something had broken the spell. A shiver ran thru him altho he was not

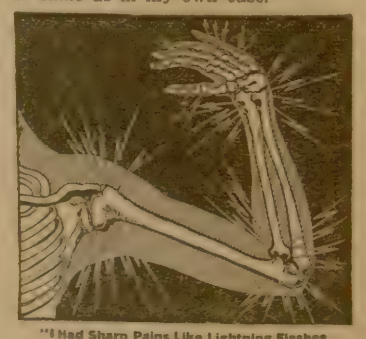
FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

Rheumatism

A Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It

In the year of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-Acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who are thus afflicted know for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, but such relief as I obtained was only temporary. Finally, I found a treatment that cured me completely and such a pitiful condition has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, even bedridden, some of them seventy to eighty years old, and the results were the same as in my own case.



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long-looked for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, One Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, 1139 G, Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

ASTHMA or HAY FEVER Treatment sent by mail to you on Free Trial. If satisfied send $1; if not don't. Write today. Address W. K. STERLINE, 836 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, O.

FREE 500-Shot Repeater Air Rifle WALNUT & GUN METAL

Free for a few minutes' easy work. Just send your name and address, and we will send you by return mail 9 of our big, beautifully colored art pictures, 16x20, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our great offer. Many do it two hours. The guns are going fast. Get yours NOW. Dept. R-1.

W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

cold. He rubbed his eyes and blinked bewilderedly.. A bright light fell full upon his eyes, a hot breath smote his face. The very waters around him glowed like a sea of fire. Ahead, toward Waterford, a great undulating, crackling wall of flame leaped up against the night. A roar like that of a thousand savage beasts, intermingled with shrieks, yells, curses, the crash of falling buildings, the clatter of running feet, smote upon his ears. Waterford was afire.

About that time something else became apparent; in fact he had been half conscious of it from the first. He was no longer at the wharves, but moving down the river, tho not yet far from the town. He did not try at that time to determine why this was so. There was no visible human agency. He accepted the fact lost in fear and wonder at the great calamity he was witnessing.

The wind which was still from the west drove him momently farther from the stricken town. The great torch lit up the shores on either side. He heard strange shouts on the opposite shores and could glimpse confused figures moving about. Torches could be seen flickering here and there amid the shrubbery and visible even in the light of the conflagration.

And now a great hubbub arose amidst the shipping. A hasty embarkation was taking place. Apparently the natives were attacking the town from the outside and the widening area of flames within, uncontrollable and all-devouring, drove the inhabitants to the waterside as their only refuge. A struggling and ever increasing mob thronged the wharves. Screams of women and children, shrieks and curses of men, the confused orders of the seamen as they cast off from the wharves, splashes of unfortunates who had fallen or been pushed into the water, frenzied horsemen riding recklessly thru the crowd, and above all the boom and hiss of the flames and the far-away shouts of the attacking natives—such was the pandemonium which the fiery element and the aroused passions of men had conjured up.

One thing surprised Guldred. In spite of the variations of the river's current and the force of the wind the boat kept its course nearly in mid-channel and did not turn about, but moved steadily onward stern foremost. When it arrived at the little island in the river it took the north channel avoiding bars and entanglements with the nicest precision. He thought there might be some undertow to account for this.

But a sudden thought aroused him to action. This fire would drive the Danes from Waterford. Homeless and angry what more natural than that they should begin depredations on the peaceful countries adjacent—that this calamity should hasten their meditated attack on England? In that case England must be warned and who so fit to warn her as Guldred himself who held so many threads of the plot?

Moreover peril threatened him close at hand. Some of the escaping craft were bearing down upon him oblivious of him as they were regardless of one another's rights. Under ordinary circumstances a hardy and warlike people like the Danes would have made a stubborn defense of Waterford. But how is any people, however brave, to defend a town which has suddenly become an oven? The consequence was that warriors as well as noncombatants were making a wild rush to get away from the stricken town. Their warships collided and jostled against the other craft and all pursued their mad flight more like a stampeded herd of sea monsters than ships directed by the intelligence of man.

Guldred rose and taking off the great coat flung it into the prow. The heat from the burning town made the air like a summer night. Excitement alone would have made him insensible to the cold for the panic had infected his blood. He threw himself down in the forward seat, put a pair of oars in the rowlocks, and swiftly turned the boat about. His back being toward the prow he was still facing the conflagration. This was necessary in order to watch and avoid the onrushing craft. He kept his course in midchannel and in due time arrived at the confluence of the Suir and the Barrow and the beginning of Waterford Harbor.

His course now lay almost due south and at right angles with the river Suir. The channel began to broaden. Still, two dangers threatened even now. One was that while the majority of the escaping ships kept well out in midchannel, yet there were many, especially of the smaller craft, which pressed in close to the shores as he himself was doing and by their presence put him in some peril. The other danger was that of grounding or of dashing against some sunken rock or other obstruction along shore.

The tension was fearful. The sweat rolled down his face. Being unaccustomed to rowing his hands soon became blistered and his muscles began to ache. One after another the larger and better manned craft floundered past. The confusion on them was frightful. He caught glimpses of figures stretching out frantic hands toward the burning town where dear ones had doubtless been left to perish.

But Guldred had scant time for such observations. He needed to be alert every minute as he steadily and painfully worked his way down the harbor. After a time when the harbor had become more clear he rested on his oars a minute to ease his aching muscles. He looked around. The water and shores were fairly visible under the reflection of the conflagration. As far as he could see the channel was covered with the fleeting craft. To the northwest the sky was lit up by the great fire. As he saw its rudy reflection there came to his mind another night and he muttered to himself the words of Erdwulf to Adeleve on that occasion: "The red welkin! the red welkin! God's wrath! Alas! Alas!" Was this what that ruddy sky had presaged or was there more yet to come? He feared that this was only the beginning.

He turned his face away from the sight as tho it pained his eyeballs. Away to the south he could hear the sullen boom of the sea. There was something refreshing and tranquilizing about it after all this heat and hurry and terror. It was a majestic waiting immensity. It seemed as tho all this hot, throbbing stream of humanity could empty into it without raising its tides the millionth part of an inch or ruffling perceptibly the mighty rhythm of its waves.

Then a personal question arose. What was he to do? If he could have hailed some merchantman bound for England and taken passage on her that would have been the proper course. But how was he to tell friend from foe, war craft from peace craft, in this gloom and confusion, and what prospect was there that any of these fleeing vessels would heed his hail? On the other hand he knew nothing of these coasts, nothing of navigation, nor where lay danger and where safety. If he put out to sea he was liable to become lost and engulfed; if he hugged the coast he ran the danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Obviously he must wait for daylight and see what chance would do for him.

An idea came to him and quickly hardened into a fixed resolve. A fatalism of race and blood began to assert itself. He resumed the oars and began to work his way down he harbor and at length reached the open sea. The last reflection of burning Waterford was fading away in the northwest, for by this time the tindery town had nearly burned itself out.

Guldred laid down the oars, took his seat in the stern, once more wrapped the greatcoat about him, closed his eyes and let the boat drift. He committed himself to chance and the great deep. There was little or no religion in it. His muscles ached, he was very tired, his plans were very chaotic; he gave the helm to fate to guide him where it would.

He kept his eyes closed. The great voice of the ocean spoke to him in solemn tones. The pettiness of life seemed to vanish as he gradually came into touch with the infinite. As he rode on the breast of the mighty deep his own became more calm. An element of trust mingled with his fatalism. From time to time he heard the shouts and creaking of tackle on passing craft like discord in the music, but he kept his eyes obstinately closed. He ignored the What-Is and blindly submitted to the guidance of the great What-Is-to-Be. Life and time gradually faded away and for the third time that eventful night he slept.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GUIDING HAND.

WHEN the curtain lifted it was broad day. A stream of sunlight fell full upon his face. The boat was pointed toward the path of the mounting sun. But something else attracted his attention and dwarfed all other interests. Between him and that glorified expanse a human figure intervened. It was a monk, but it was not the same figure he had seen aboard the vessel. There was no hump on the back, no glimpse of russet gray beard. The head was bowed; the hands, small and sallow as with age, worked the oars wearily and awkwardly. The lower part of the face, which alone was visible, also had a sallow look.

Guldred stared at this apparition for some time in silence. Strange thoughts and emotions arose with masterful persistency. He seemed to travel in a region of dreams; or were the dreams true, the so-called waking false? This monk—if he were indeed flesh and blood—who was he, whence came he? Was he in very deed a man—a reality—or had the mind broken loose from its sober bounds and had imagination etched this figure upon the burnished face of the morning sky? Awful doubts began to throng begotten in part by the long fast and the fearful strain of the night before. Guldred wrestled with them as he would have wrestled with a besetting demon. He sought relief in action and rose to his feet balancing

MEN WANTED

Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen, Colored Train Porters. Positions pay $125-$250 month to start. No railroad experience necessary. Large roads in all states. Write at once for Application Blank and Full Information. Name position wanted. Inter-Railway Correspondence Institute, Dept. 53, Indianapolis, Ind.

You Can Easily Look Your Prettiest Paying Little by Little

Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could step to your mirror any time at all and actually see yourself in some pretty style you have admired and longed to have.

This is just about what you can do—if you have my Style Book handy. And still better — you don't ever need to long for charming clothes. You can have them almost as easily as looking at them. I bring you credit without asking. Have your new things early—pay later as you wear them. Take about six months.

Try On Free Any of My 1001 Styles

Take, for example, the pretty dress I show you here. I'd love to have you try it on—without the merest promise to buy. I'll send it on your request for just a dollar. It will come to you prepaid. I give you plenty of time to make up your mind—two days in fact. If you decide to keep it you may pay little by little over a full half year.

But I do that with everything. So I would much rather send you my Free Style Book first. It contains scores of beautiful dresses and everything else a woman wears—all in great profusion. I want so much to have you see them all.

My Free Style Book Ready for You Now

My Style Book has always been considered an authority on good fashions. This season it is bigger than ever before. I have added many new pages. Lots of things are shown in actual colors. Your name and address on a postal card is enough to bring it to you immediately, free.

Never before have I been fortunate enough to secure such bargains. Every page is just full of amazing values. You ought to have this book as a price guide if nothing else. I'd like to have you use it for comparison.

It brings the greatest opportunity in years to make big savings in everything a woman wears, as well as in my wonderful department for children, little folks and the boys.

Asking for it places you under no obligation whatever. While you are shopping everywhere else, just don't forget me. While you're looking at other style books I want you to have mine also.

Here Are a Few Departments:

APRONS	WRAPS	HAIR GOODS	PETTICOATS
BABY NEEDS	COATS	HOSIERY	SHOES
BATHROBES	CORSETS	KIMONAS	SKIRTS
BLOOMERS	DRESSES	LINGERIE	SUITS
CHILDREN'S AND BOYS WEAR	FURS	MILLINERY	SWEATERS
	GLOVES	RAINCOATS	UNDERWEAR
			WAISTS

$1.00 = Brings This Dress

Let me tell you about this charming style—the one in the mirror—so you may picture yourself in it. Better still, just tell me to send it to you prepaid on approval. $1.00 with your request is all that is necessary. I show it here merely as a sample bargain. I couldn't get enough material to place it in my style book, too.

ALL-WOOL SERGE of even texture, firmly woven and double warp quality. Not a thread of any mixture in it. The tailoring is as good as the cloth. Lovely style touches at neck, sleeves and waistline. For instance, seams are bound; form fitted cambric underlining; silk satin cuff facings; snap fasteners effect side closing.

BEAUTIFULLY TRIMMED. Embroidered styles are all the go. I use in this dress a silk floss corded embroidery, lavishly displayed in a charming pattern all over the front—both of waist and skirt. The back is perfectly plain. The new square Dutch neck is relieved by a dainty Irish design lace collar. Sleeves have slashed cuffs with rows of buttons and silk satin underfacing.

COMPARE IT WITH $15.00 VALUES. The style is easily worn—becoming to the young miss or more elderly woman. It is a smart, slender, straight line effect. The self material belt is double faced, goes all around and ties in front with silk tassel trimmed streamers. It is an example of the bargains you may expect to find on every page of my Style Book. My scores of other dresses are just as pretty; the prices just as low.

SIZES TO FIT MISSES AND WOMEN. 14 to 20 years: ladies' sizes, 34 to 46 bust measure—no larger. Skirt lengths: 32 to 40 inches.

COLORS: NAVY BLUE OR BLACK.

E4Y1660 Prepaid, $1.00 with order —$1.50 monthly. Price $9.95

Long Credit for All I Prepay Delivery

My plan is free from all embarrassment. It is open to everyone alike. When I send you my Style Book I open your charge account in advance. You are free then to use your credit immediately.

There is not a bit of red tape about it; no annoying features. I don't ask for references or pry into your affairs. I never write to any of your friends or neighbors.

I have shown you how easy it is to get the beautiful dress I picture here. It's just as easy to get everything else. I send all selections, always, prepaid on approval. I take back anything unsatisfactory without the slightest question. I pay return charges also; I immediately refund your small deposit. Nothing could be simpler.

DON'T FORGET TO DROP A POSTAL CARD FOR YOUR COPY OF MY STYLE BOOK TODAY.

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 3882 Mosprat St., CHICAGO

BRAND NEW FORD TOURING CAR GIVEN

20	8	9	19	9
19	5	1	19	25

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. WIN FINE PRIZE

The figures in the squares represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. Send the three words on a slip of paper with your name and address quick if you want to win. I have given away many Autos and scores of other prizes. My plan is so simple it is easy to win prizes and cash rewards.

Thousands of Dollars in Other Grand Prizes and Cash Rewards

Besides the New Ford Car I am going to give away Superb Cabinet Phonograph, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Kodaks, Traveling Bag, Chest of Silverware, Dinner Set and Cash Rewards. No experience is required. You don't put up a penny or do any hard work. Just an opportunity to realize your ambition to have an Automobile all your own and a chance to get it in the easiest way imaginable. Don't let anyone in your neighborhood beat you to it. The quicker you act, the bigger your winnings. Send me your answer to the puzzle with your name and address, without delay. DUANE W. GAYLORD, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 15, CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, *$3.00 a Year* ☐

—o—

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose $_____. Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name_____ St. or R.F.D._____

Town_____ State_____

No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

himself unsteadily. It was not altogether the swaying of the boat that made him reel and tremble.

He advanced toward the figure with outstretched hands. The distance was short, only a few feet, but it seemed miles to him; the time was brief, only a minute or two, but it seemed ages to him. Between the vastness of the great deep and the vastness of the wide heavens above was the immensity of his own imagination shot thru and thru and up and down by the lightning shuttle of thought.

He stepped across the back rowing seat as tho it were a Rubicon. Beyond lay what? A prohibited territory, his instinct told him; yet visibly only a poor monk who looked not up at his approach nor spoke nor stopped his rowing. But what lay under that cowl? A mystery? Yes, and more, perhaps a mastery, perhaps fate incarnate. Surely some angel or some mocking devil must be whispering in his ear and intoxicating him with a wild sweet hope. For are there not oases in the desert of thought as in the desert of sand?

At last Guldred stopped in front of that mysterious presence. He looked at it with such intensity that one would have thought that he was trying to penetrate the garb and see not only the form but the very heart and soul underneath. The rower fumbled with the oars and seemed half inclined to stop; then suddenly let go of the oars and twitched the cowl back from the head revealing as Guldred had half expected a mass of golden curls falling in glorious profusion around the head and shining like a saint's aureola in the rays of the morning sun.

"Oh, Adeleve!" cried Guldred rapturously; "thank God! thank God! my heart told me the truth."

Adeleve looked up with a transfiguring smile. Not but that she realized her position. Here she was in a frail boat out on the great sea with only a few thin boards between her and the yawning deep, and only a man's honor and her own heart, steadfast in virtue above everything else, between her and something worse. But she trusted in that honor and that heart or she had not been here where she need to trust them. Moreover the sun that beat down upon her bared head and made a saintly halo there, seemed to her primitive trust and simplicity like the great eye of God looking into her very heart and soul and finding nought there but purity and a great love that had urged her beyond the bounds of prudence and decorum. For gloze it as she would, what other reason could she give to her own heart or to his for following him overseas in this way except the great behest of love? But after all because of this holy thing in her heart she cared less for herself than for him. So that her own good name did not suffer he was her chief anxiety. She wanted more than ever that he should play the man. She felt sure that he could do it and she did not want him to waste any time in setting about it. But as a preliminary she felt it necessary to define her own position. She replaced the cowl and said:

"Guldred, I know right well how glad you are to see me; how you marvel at what has happened; but remember that while we are on this journey I am to you and all others a monk and not Adeleve. I am here to help you—against others and against yourself. Take the oars, I prithee. You have drifted overlong. You must row straight toward the port where duty calls and high deeds await you."

"And Adeleve, too?" queried Guldred.

"Hush! such questions befit not the time nor place. Take the oars and I will tell how and why I came."

Guldred seated himself and began to row after Adeleve had taken her place in the stern. He thus faced her and waited with impatience for what she should say.

"I came," she continued, "with the help of Paulus. He seemed strangely loth to let me come at first, but when he knew all my reasons he forbore to let me further. You know now that I was the monk on board the ship with you. He loaned me the robe and cowl, stained my face and hands to the color of sickly age, fixed the hump for my back, and found for me the russet beard which he fastened on right cunningly so that none except they looked close could see that it was false. He gave me a dagger to ward my life and honor in case I was found out, and told me to keep silence lest my voice betray me. He likewise gave me some of the sulphury stuff which the traveling monk had left with his friend, the abbot of the monastery where you went to school, and showed me how to use it if the need came."

"You put it to good use, Adeleve."

"Nay! call me not that. Call me 'father' on this journey and forget that I am a woman if you can."

"I'll try, father," said Guldred with a smile. "But I much misdoubt me. I have never yet worked miracles. And now," he continued, "I would fain ask a question, or twain of you if I may."

"Say on, Guldred."

"In sooth it was you that knocked the stoup from my hand in the alehouse and how it was done I partly understand. But was it you in the flesh that came to me in the inn shed or was it a dream?"

"Let us call it a dream."

"But how in the name of all the saints got you into this boat?"

"It matters little how. Suffice it that I did get into it and guided you twice when you slept and once when you were wake and ware. But list to me and bate all idle questions. I did not leave my home from wantonness or because I had laid aside my maiden modesty, but to warn you and save you from your enemies."

"Beshrew me! but you talk in riddles."

"Then listen. Earl Eadric is dead—murdered!"

"Murdered! How? When?"

"He was slain at the hunt the morn you left and you are deemed the man who slew him."

Now that Guldred is suspected of murdering Earl Eadric, he is sure to be a hunted man wherever he goes. Or, will he return to Wodenstow and face his accusers? Such would seem to be the proper course to pursue, but will he do so? Perhaps he will first acquire, if he can, all the particulars of the earl's violent death, and of the circumstantial evidence that seems to connect him with the crime. Part four of the story, coming next week, will partly clear up these conjectures.

His Dear Friend.

AS HE entered the car he found an acquaintance, and after shaking hands with him he said:

"Excuse me a moment, as I see an old friend up by the other door. He has been gone away these ten years, and has just got back, and I want to sort of welcome him."

He was gone about two minutes, and came back with a long face, to be asked:

"Well, how's your dear old friend?"

"Don't ask me anything about it!" was the reply. "I had hardly greeted him after his years of absence when he pulled out and presented me with a coal bill about twelve years old. I have no use for such men. They have no more sentiment about them than a block of wood!"

❧ ❧ ❧

Fined Him, Anyhow.

A JUDGE had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms in the streets of a Western town. Before him appeared a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in the crowded streets.

"Ten dollars and costs," said the judge.

"But, your honor," interposed the counsel for the defense, "my client didn't hit anybody."

"But he admits he fired the gun."

"Yes, but he fired into the air," explained the lawyer.

"Ten dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have hit an angel."

❧ ❧ ❧

Harsher Name

HOW old are you, Uncle Eph?"

"Ninety-eight years old, sah."

"You're a fine example of longevity."

"Sah?"

"I say you are a fine example of longevity."

"Yas, sah. Thank you, sah. But when my ol' woman is hard at work an' I'm settin' in de sunshine dat ain't whut she calls me."

❧ ❧ ❧

In Low Spirits.

"YOU have a woman mayor here?"

"Yes. She's just been elected and her husband is about the uneasiest man in town."

"Why so?"

"He's told several of his friends confidentially that if his wife still has the same opinion of him she had before the election he's slated for the job of dog catcher."

I Want 500 Men and Women at $100 a Week

Are you willing to step into a position today—without training—without any investment—where you are absolutely your own boss—work when and where you please—and earn $100 a week.

If you are willing, mail me your name and I will tell you how you can do it. I know that there are 500 readers of this paper who can fill these positions and make a great deal more money than they could possibly make in any other way. I have already paid more than $80,000 in cash to the readers of this publication, and now I want to get in touch with those 500 others that I know must be just waiting for the proposition that I have to offer.

No matter where you live or what kind of a position you are now holding, I will make you an offer so that you can make big money right from the start, even if you are only able to devote a few hours a day to my proposition.

$625.00 a Month is Spencer's Record

And in one month McCrary of Georgia earned $565 and J. A. Wilson $431. Barne's profit in one month was $518. J. R. Watts had never even attempted to sell anything, but he made good right from the start. $4.77 per hour is the record established by Lee Mills of Illinois.

$2,005 CASH
For Six Months Part Time
That's the record of C. E. Ray of New York. He only devoted his spare time to this work and he added $13 a day to his income. You can do as well. Write at once for my offer.

$1,060 CASH
For Three Months Spare Time
A few hours now and then devoted to this proposition gave Carl Rowe a net profit in three months of over a thousand dollars. I offer you the same proposition.

No Investment Required

I don't want you to invest any money or take any chances whatsoever. I want you to act as my representative in your territory and take orders from my customers for raincoats. I will furnish you with complete equipment, materials and instructions. No experience is necessary. Without one minute of training, if you will follow the simple instructions that I give you, you can step right out and make profits that will amaze you.

No Waiting—No Delays

When you earn your money you won't have to wait for it. I will see that you get it the same day you earn it—and it will be a big profit.

I offer hundreds of dollars each month in bonuses, and I pay these bonuses in spot cash. If you are really, sincerely and honestly interested in an offer that will mean big, quick money, write at once. Remember—I guarantee to pay at least $100 a week if you only send me four average orders a day. This opportunity is unusual.

Do not get the idea that it is hard work or that you will have any trouble in filling the position. A man who was a baker and had never sold anything made a net profit in one month of $876 for his spare time. And I will make you the same offer that I made him.

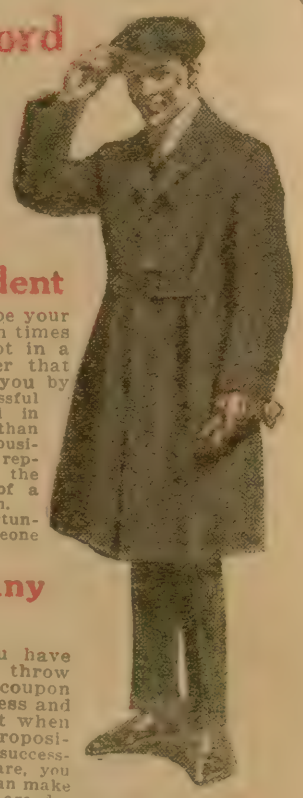
Your Chance to Become Independent

Here's your chance to be your own boss and to make ten times as much as you ever got in a pay envelope. Remember that this offer is being made you by the largest and most successful business house of its kind in America. That we do more than a million dollars worth of business every year, and as our representative you will have the backing and co-operation of a big, sound, strong institution.

Don't wait until the opportunity is gone. Don't let someone else beat you to it.

Don't Send Any Money

Here's the chance you have been looking for. Don't throw it away. Fill out the coupon with your name and address and mail it now. I know that when you see how simple my proposition is and how wonderfully successful other men and women are, you will know at once that you can make good just the same as they are doing. There's a lot for you to gain, and nothing to lose if you mail the coupon and get the details of my wonderful liberal proposition.



THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. B-183
DAYTON, OHIO

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE COMER MFG. CO.,
Dept. B-183, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me how, without investing any money, I can become your agent and make from $50 to $100 a week. Also send me, without charge, your offer of a free raincoat for myself.

Name.....

Address.....

P. O.....State.....

A Promotion for Merit

(Concluded From Page 6)

tion of doing so. I want to work for the firm without any salary at all."

"What!" exclaimed Ehrmann and Wallis.

"—But for a share of the profits," continuel Mr. Batterbee, calmly. "In short, I propose that you take me into the firm as an equal partner."

Ehrmann broke into loud laughter, but the senior partner regarded the elderly clerk with a close and serious attention.

"If you don't mind, I will sit down," said Mr. Batterbee, drawing up a chair. "Standing very long fatigues me, I find. Mr. Ehrmann, if you feel that you are sufficiently recovered, I will go on. Of course, I must show you how you would be justified in taking the step I propose. Possibly this might interest you to start with." He drew a brown leather-covered bankbook from his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Wallis. "You will observe," he continued, "that the account was opened with the bank in January, 1902. If I remember rightly, it was one month after my third unsuccessful application for an increase of salary. You will observe that the deposits have been made at regular intervals ever since, but in increasing amounts; also that no charges have been drawn against these sums, placed to my credit. The interest has been compounded semiannually, and altogether the sum total is now nearly ninety thousand dollars."

MR. WALLIS gasped and handed the bankbook to Mr. Ehrmann, who turned pale as he looked over the columns of figures.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, with staring eyes.

Mr. Batterbee smiled easily. "I thought you would be likely to ask me that time-honored question," he said. "At the same time you must pardon me if I decline to answer it. I shall not tell you where I got it—or where I have put it—for it is not in that bank now. It is accessible, but not in that bank.

"I fancy, gentlemen," he resumed, after a silent pause, during which the partners looked into each other's eyes, "I fancy that you have your suspicions—entirely groundless, of course, as Mr. Ehrmann can testify, he having carefully examined my accounts. I think, Mr. Ehrmann, you will admit that the man who could embezzle ninety thousand dollars under your very nose (an altogether ridiculous supposition), would be a man of no ordinary ability."

"If you have, you're a dandy," exclaimed Ehrmann, startled into involuntary admiration.

'I am not talking of myself," corrected Mr. Batterbee. "Please bear that in mind. I may say, however, that if, finding ordinary and conventional methods of demonstrating the fact that I had ability had failed, I had taken such a peculiar course, my natural honesty would lead me to make full confession."

He repossessed himself of the bankbook that Ehrmann had laid down, and waited.

"See here, Batterbee," said the senior partner, suddenly, dropping his hitherto suave manner, and speaking quickly and uneasily, "stop beating about the bush, and come down to hard facts. We're not babies. Now, what is it you want?"

"I've told you already," said Mr. Batterbee. "I'm trying to make you recognize the fact that I'm a man—a man with flesh and blood, and brains and spirit, and not a d——d machine," he added, fiercely and bringing his fist down on the desk with a bang. "If I have proved to you—by twenty hard years in your service," he resumed, in his customary even tones, "if your daily observation of me has proved to you that I have the business at my fingers' ends in all its branches, and that I could extend and revivify the business if I had a chance; if your known generosity, coupled with your self-interest inclines you to reward me—then I ask you to take me into partnership, as I have said."

"How about restitution?" asked Ehrmann.

"Nothing about restitution," replied Mr. Batterbee. "I don't understand your allusion. It occurs to me to mention that if the considerations I have mentioned impel you to offer me the partnership, I would be quite willing to put a little capital into the concern—say ninety thousand dollars—the savings of my modest salary, gentlemen."

"We must have time to consider your proposition, Mr. Batterbee," said Mr. Wallis, at last.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Batterbee. "If you will allow me an hour's leave of absence from the office, I will return by that time with my attorney, who will provide himself with the necessary contract for your signature, if you think favorably of the idea I have submitted."

Within the appointed time Mr. Batterbee and his legal friend appeared and were conducted into the private office of the firm. Mr. Wallis welcomed them with a smiling face. Mr. Ehrmann looked sulky, but he, too, rose and shook hands.

"Well, Mr. Batterbee," said Mr. Wallis, "I think that you have rather more than an inkling of what I am about to say. It gives me genuine pleasure to tell you that in consideration of your long and faithful services, and as a mark of our recognition and appreciation of your ability, Mr. Ehrmann and myself have decided to ask you to come into the firm."

* * *

All in the Point of View.

IN THE olden days there lived in the vicinity of Shelby a sheepherder named Bill. Bill, like most members of his profession, was wont to work faithfully for the greater part of the year and then blow into town and waste his substance in a short period of riotous living. Returning from one of these trips broke, his employer asked him:

"Bill, you left here with four hundred dollars. What became of it?"

Bill studied a minute and replied:

"Waal, I reckon I lost about a hundred an' fifty in a stud game. I must a left 'bout a hundred at the Fashion Dance Hall, an' I reckon I spent close to a hundred for booze."

"What did you do with the other fifty?" persisted the boss.

"Can't remember exactly," replied Bill after due reflection. "I guess I must of just natcherally fooled that away."

* * *

Places to Go, but Nothing to Wear.

"OH, BUT I could go a lot of places if I only had the clothes," sighed the junior pharmacist.

The demure cashier laughed. "As a snappy dresser you seem to be there," she said. "You come on duty every day with a new outfit. I have heard the boys say your summer suits are the berries and I know good silk shirts when I see them."

"But those are just my working clothes," replied the junior pharmacist. "These are necessary to hold my position. A man must be nifty to get by these days. I really haven't anything to wear, or I could be handing myself a nice time every evening and on all the holidays.

"In came a friend a while ago and invited me to go out next Saturday afternoon on his new cabin cruiser. Could I accept? Certainly not!

"In the first place, I have nothing to wear on a yacht on a Saturday afternoon. To do things up right I should have a pair of white trousers, blue coat and one of those dofunny caps with the patent leather visor. Then I'd look the part. Why, on this particular yacht the deck hands are better dressed than I am now. I had to tell my friend that I never went on the water any more.

"I can swing a golf stick as well as the next man, Imogene, but I can't go to the country clubs when invited unless I have togs that look the part. A lot of ginks wear anything while playing, but not me—no more than I'd go motoring with a friend in my bath robe. If I could spare enough kale to buy a golf outfit I'd be putting the pill now instead of handing out ipecac.

"I have passed up dozens of dinner dances because my evening clothes are two seasons behind the times. A lot of fellows would try and get by in the crowd with a suit a little behind times, but not me.

"I made the acquaintance of a millionaire's daughter in this store one time and we got to be the best of friends. The first thing I knew she had brought in her mother to meet me, and the meeting led to an invitation to spend Sunday at the suburban home. Everything was going along sweetly when she announced that she'd have a couple of saddle horses ready and we'd have a ride.

"Lovely. But what to wear? You know what the outfit looks like. Movie heroes all wear them in some part of a five-reeler. I had them not and couldn't raise the price."

"I see," said the demure cashier. "You're out of luck in the sporting line, aren't you, kid?"

"I'll say I am," replied the junior pharmacist.

"It's you for the swimming beaches, then," said the cashier. "You can rent an outfit, and by the end of a hot day you can have a coat of tan, and sunburn that won't cost you a cent."

"That's a good idea," said the junior pharmacist. "The swimming beach is where democracy still waves."

* * *

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

First, somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it,
  Till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it,
  Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached the sky, sir,
  And frigthened the moon;
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
In the veil of cloud-lace, sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, sir,
  That happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
  A terrible crew,
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And troubled and worried,
  As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded,
  In smoke and in shame,
While from mud and from mire,
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
  And killed his good name.

LATEST STYLE SERGE DRESS with 4 PANELS

Beaded Effect Embroidery

Without *any* risk to you we will send you nextseason's moststunning Style, an **exclusive** LESTER-ROSE creation. The most fashionable and beautiful dress ever offered at only **$3.85** and delivered FREE besides! So becoming, so stylish and such amazing value that we will send you this paneled Serge Dress for FREE Try-on. You do not pay one cent till the postman brings dress to your door. If not satisfied you get every cent back.

$3.85 We Pay Postage

Made of the world-famous **guaranteed** specially woven "STRONG-WEAR" Serge in navy blue only. Two graceful panels hang from waist in front, and two in back, the "latest" touch of fashion! Front of dress and all four panels richly embroidered with Harding blue wool French knots, in BEADED EFFECT, set off gracefully by flowery medallions. Square neck, sleeves and panels bordered with rich piping. Belt ending with sash at waist.

Money Back Guaranteed If Not Satisfied

Send No Money!

Just mail us a post-card with your name and address and we'll send you your size for free try-on! We even pay the delivery charges. Pay only $3.85 on arrival. If not satisfied you get your money back immediately. So don't wait—make sure you will get YOUR dress by ordering TODAY! Order by No. 202. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 for misses; for ladies, 32 to 46-inch bust measure.

LESTER-ROSE CO. Dept. 571 CHICAGO

VIOLIN GIVEN

This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send the $2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to big list sent with pictures. RAY ART CO., DEPT. 47. CHICAGO, ILL.

Sapphire Pendants

$2 Puts This GOLD WATCH In Your Hands

The biggest watch offer ever made—NO RED TAPE—NO WAITING. Simply send $2 and receive the watch. Full jeweled Elgin, in stylish octagon case, guaranteed 20 years. 12 size, thin model.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You carry the watch for 30 days—you take no chances. If not satisfactory your deposit is returned to you. You do not risk a penny.

$2 A MONTH

Send only $2 and the watch comes to you charges paid. Pay the balance $2 a month for 10 months. Price only $22.

FREE CATALOG—Illustrates and describes over 2,000 items in diamonds, watches and jewelry. Send for it. Dept. 318.

20 Year Guarantee

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO 35 Maiden Lane - New York

GUARANTEED $3.98

Socks Given With Every Pair

New Genuine Munson Last $10.00. Army Welt Dress Shoes

Hand Sewed First Grade—The factory price only $3.98—direct to you at home. All sizes. Made of the best waterproof mahogany calf leather. Guaranteed to give the best wear. Fill out the coupon below and we will send you these Army Officer's stylish (Sunday) dress shoes, built for hard rough use. If these shoes are not just as we say, send them back at our expense.

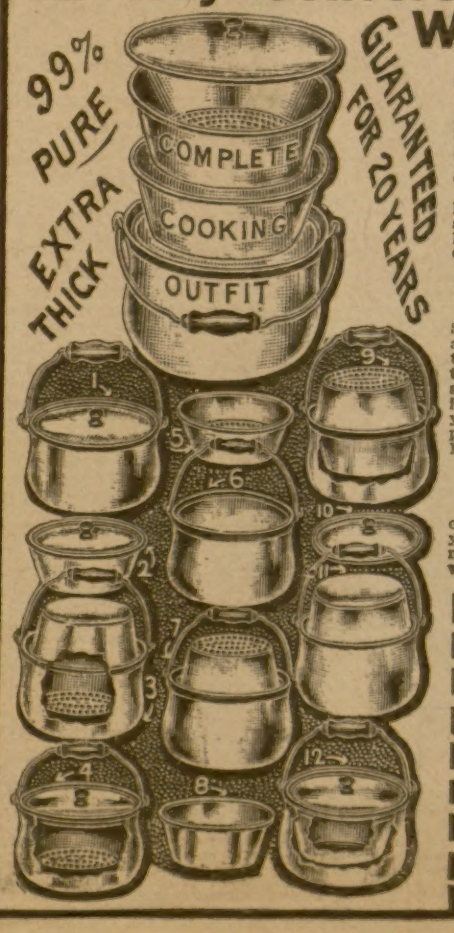
If you send money order or check do not include for postage or packing. Pay only for the shoes.

ORDER COUPON
U. S. Supply Co., U. S. A., Atlanta, Ga., or Chicago, Ill.

Send Officer's Shoes by return mail. I will return if not satisfied. Include the Socks Free.

Number of pairs ..... Size.....
Name .....
Address .....
Town & State .....

12-Way Convertible Aluminum Ware Set FREE



For Your Aluminum Kitchen

The most practical combination cooking set on the market—made of the famous "Lifetime" Aluminum Ware. It places at the disposal of the housewife 12 practical, handy combinations of cooking utensils.

This Aluminum Ware Set in your kitchen will surely fill you with pride and joy—no more smutty, grimy, nicked kitchen ware to dishearten and discourage you.

How to Get It Free

If you want this Wonderful Aluminum Set FREE, just send us your name and address, and we will send you by return mail twelve Beautiful Reproductions of famous paintings, 16x20 inches, selected from the World's Art Galleries, in many colors. Distribute these among your friends in connection with our easy plan and the Aluminum Set is yours, Free.

Send the Coupon

REMEMBER! Not a penny of your own money will it cost you. Just fill in your name and address on the coupon now and mail it promptly to us. We will then take care of you.

—COUPON—

W. D. Boyce Co., Dept. B-20, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I want the 12-Way Convertible Aluminum Ware Set FREE. Send me the twelve Beautiful Reproductions and your easy plan by return mail. I understand that this Aluminum Ware Set will not cost me one cent of money.

Name.....
R. F. D., St. or Box No.....
Town.....
State.....

Exhausted Nerve Force

If from overwork, worry, late hours, constant nervous strain, or excesses of any kind, your nerve force has become depleted and you are suffering from the awful tortures and great devitalizing weakness caused by exhaustion of the nervo-vital fluid, you will find that Nuxated Iron will often most suprisingly increase your strength, energy and endurance in two weeks' time. It not only enriches the blood so that it can furnish increased nutrition to the starving nerve cells, but Nuxated Iron also contains the principal chemical constitutent of active living nerve force and is therefore a true nerve and blood food. Satisfactory results guaranteed to every purchaser or the manufacturers will refund your money. For sale at all druggists.

NUXATED IRON
For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It reduces the pain and swelling—overcomes tiredness. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 337 Temple St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS

Diabetes Is curable. A late Medical Discovery known as "DIBETOSAN" will Completely eradicate Sugar in 72 hours. No strict dieting. Write today for FREE TRIAL Treatment. The Dibetosan Company, Dept. B, 333 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Cured His Piles

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE REMEDY

E. R. Page,
382 M Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

.....

.....

.....

For Ledger Girls and Boys

A Little Sense

"THERE'S something about me," complained Jerry, "that Edward likes. 'T isn't 'cause I'm nice to him. I don't dast to be or there's no telling what he'd do, but if I step out of his sight he hollers like sixty and mother makes me stay in the yard near his pen all the time."

"Pretty tough," sympathized his friend Jim. "Well, 't won't be long now before he'll walk. See how steady he is on his feet."

"Maybe!" replied Jerry. "But that won't make it so I can go with you fellers this afternoon. Mother said I wasn't to go out of his sight."

The three boys looked gloomily into the play-pen where Edward stood holding on to the side and staring at his brother, all ready to let out a yell at the first suspicious move.

"He's an orful nuisance," said Jerry.

"My little brother walked long before he was a year and a half," said Curly Conrad. "This one doesn't look 's if he was all there."

"Got a kind of vacant stare," observed Jim.

"Maybe he's half-witted," said Jerry. "I hope not! But if he was clear in his head seems to me he wouldn't act this way. I haven't never done anything to attract him and we've got a girl who's crazy about him, but he can't abide her. He wants me around. What's the good being here at the seashore on a vacation when all I do is sit here and suffer!"

Jim had been looking very thoughtful. Now he moved over to the baby and gazed into his eyes.

"I don't think he's cracked exactly," was the verdict. "He needs training. Take him out of that pen, Jerry."

Jerry lifted the untidy and portly little fellow out and stood him up in the grass.

"Now, Edward," said Jim firmly, "walk! Nobody is going to hold you and we're all going to the beach—Jerry, too!"

Then he winked at his friends so they'd understand that they must pretend to walk off. They sauntered to the other end of the lawn, and then Jerry turned his head. He gave a sharp exclamation.

"Lookut! He's walking! Oh, boy! What'd you know about that!"

Sure enough! Edward had begun to strike out. He was following them, lifting his feet high at each step and watching the ground anxiously.

"There! I told you!" cried the triumphant Jim. "Come on! Take his hand and we'll beat it to the beach."

"But——" began Jerry.

"Your mother said not to go out of his sight and you aren't going to," said Curly, taking one of the hands.

So Jerry took the other and they all moved slowly out of the yard and down the hot sleepy road to the beach. Edward gave a cry of delight.

"I bet he'll be a good sport when he once gets a little sense," remarked Jerry proudly.

A shout summoned them to the water's edge where a boat was beached. From the boat Danny Squire looked rather surprised at sight of Edward, but made no protest, and his sisters, Eva and Mary, were delighted.

"Aw, how cunning!" cried Eva. "Help him in! He's going to be my baby."

Edward was hoisted into the boat, where he fell down and bumped his head, but didn't cry, because everything was so new and interesting he couldn't spare the time necessary for a good old-fashioned squall.

Jim bound a handkerchief around his head and hoisted a flag, saying he was going to be a pirate, but Curly wanted to be on a submarine chaser and finally the rest decided in his favor. It wasn't long before they sighted a submarine and had to man the guns. It was an exciting moment for all, especially Edward,

With a Cry He Started Up and Dashed Into the Water.

who sat chewing a bit of seaweed in the bottom of the boat.

Suddenly Jerry cried: "Oh, boy! The tides coming up! Look!"

Sure enough! A wave broke and glided up and touched the boat. This made it all the more interesting. Up came another wave and washed all around the boat, leaving a dark trail on the hot sand as it ran back into the ocean.

"Gee!" exclaimed Jim. "I'm hungry. Let's gather some food."

He had seen the clams and sandhoppers scuttling about in the wake of the wave. Out of the boat tumbled the boys, followed by the two girls and then what a gay time they had, filling a bucket with all kinds of sea creatures!

"I bet this big old sandhopper could beat any other on the beach!" said Curly, holding a whopper in his hand.

"Bet he can't!" cried Dan. "Because I've got a bigger one."

They took the two up to the dry sand and put them down. Of course, they hustled for the dear old water. It was awfully funny to watch them, and Curly's won. The others then got "racers" and the game began in earnest.

In the midst of the fun, Jerry suddenly heard a shout: "Hey! Somebody's boat has drifted out!"

A horrible fear clutched his heart as he looked about him. Their boat was not where it had been on the beach. He looked out and saw it riding away on the breakers. He thought of Edward sitting in it alone being drifted off to parts unknown.

With a cry he darted up and dashed into the water. "Hey, there! What's that kid trying to do!" some one cried.

Into the surf the boy waded, then plunged down and struck out with all his might for the boat. It hadn't gone far, but the waves were deep.

There was great excitement on the shore and two men plunged in after the brave little rescuer. Soon they had overhauled him and one of them caught hold of the drifting boat.

"M-my brother!" gasped Jerry, seizing the man by the shoulder. "Is he all right?"

"Oh, is that it?" exclaimed the man, and peered into the boat. "A kid, as sure as you live!" he cried. "Fast asleep, too!"

They helped Jerry inside and then towed the boat ashore.

"Gee," said the boy, "s'pose he'd been drowned. Guess I'd better hustle home."

They lifted the sleeping baby from the boat and set him down on the sand. "Wake up!" cried his brother, shaking him. But he gave a couple of threatening yells and slept harder than ever.

"Come on, fellers," said Jerry, "you gotta help me carry him home."

They all agreed willingly and Jim and Curly made a stretcher out of sweaters and a couple of stout sticks. It was a long hot walk and Jerry was dry before they reached home. Into the play-pen they gently lifted Edward. Then he woke up and, scrambling to his feet, ran to the side and shook it, yelling and pointing down the road.

"No, no, Eddie," coaxed his brother, "won't you stay here with Jerry? You wouldn't go off and leave your old Jerry, would you?"

Edward shook his head violently, tried to hit his brother, stamped his feet, screamed and pointed at the road. Some one in the house hearing the awful commotion stuck her head out of the window.

"Now, Jerry," warned his mother, "don't think of going off and leaving your little brother."

"I'm not," replied Jerry. "He wants to get out and leave me!"

Curly snickered and rubbing his two first fingers together, he taunted:

"That kid's getting a little sense now!"

Making It Homelike.

ON DOLLY'S birthday she was presented with a baby bulldog, and her delight was delicious to behold.

It was very young, and she insisted upon taking it to bed with her, but the next morning she was looking very tired.

"Haven't you slept well, darling?" asked her mother.

"No, mummy," said Dolly. "Nelson was crying in the night for his mumsey, so I kept awake with him for company, and I made awful faces all night to make him fink I was his bulldog muvver to comfy him!"

Forewarned.

A LITTLE girl was sent to fetch some milk from a neighbor. She took with her two cans.

On arriving home she was crying and bespattered with mud.

Mother saw at once that her darling had had a fall and asked if she had lost all the milk.

"No, mother, not a drop."

"And how did my clever little darling manage that?" mother asked.

"I knew I was going to fall, mother, so I stood the cans down."

Not Any for Him.

THE visitor patted Georgie on the head and inquired:

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"What grade are you in?"

"Third."

"I suppose you can spell nearly everything?"

"Yessir."

"Can you spell 'cat'?"

"You bettcha."

"And 'rat'?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

"Yessir."

"Can you spell 'Constantinople'?"

"Aw, you gwan, that's a foreign langwidge."

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

—Adv.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. If you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

HAY FEVER OR ASTHMA, PREVENT SUFfering now. Send $1.00 for famous formula. None free. Millrood Chemical Laboratories, Summit-Cherry Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

GALLSTONES—FREE BOOK TELLS OF improved method of treating inflammation of gallbladder and bile ducts. Write today. Dr. Paddock, Box 7J201, Kansas City, Mo.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY; $2.00 IF cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Kansas City, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

PHOTOGRAPHIC

SPARETIME REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. We want photographs for our services. We teach you what is wanted and sell your work. No canvassing. Send stamp for particulars. American Photographic Services, 359 Yonge St., Toronto Ont.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

$250.00—ONE ACRE—(STRAIGHT FARM Land Price). I will sell you in fee simple, and absolutely guarantee title, one acre or more of a fifty acre tract at newly discorevered mound near Pierce Junction 6000 barrel gusher. Get at least an acre now before further developments make price prohibitive. Write or wire for reservation. Map and data free. Roy B. Nichols, 202½ Main Street, Houston, Texas.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FARM IN MICHIGAN ON GOOD HARDwood land. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts $15 to $30 per acre. Small payment down, balance long time. We help you. Send for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X-1245, First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

INVENTIONS

HIGHEST REMUNERATION FOR NEW ideas. Selfmaker Co., 1545 N. Wells St., Chicago.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

NEW SELLING PLAN. MEN WANTED TO supply consumer demand for our Sugar, Flour, Canned Goods, Dried Fruits, Coffee and other staple Groceries and Paints, Roofing, Aluminumware and Automobile Oils. Entirely new plan. Not one penny of investment in samples or goods required. No experience necessary. Our men are making big profits and have a permanent repeat order business. Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference any Bank or Express Co.

MAKE $300.00 TO $500.00 PER MONTH DIStributing Speedoline; easy, permanent work; exclusive territory; automobile free. Write for particulars. Speedoline Co., Dept. 216, Dallas, Texas.

CLIMAX FURNACE OIL BURNERS; WONderfully successful; Ozark and Seneca water filters. E. L. Miller Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Missouri.

SALESMEN AND AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—SOMETHING NEW— Fire Fighter sells easily. Makes a spectacular demonstration; car owners, homes, factories, stores, practically buy on sight. Our men make $10.00 to $50.00 a day; exclusive territory. If you wish to establish a business of your own with unlimited possibilities for making big money, write us today. Fyr-Fyter Co., 101 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

$6,000 A YEAR—PURITY LAUNDRY TABlets. New washing discovery sweeping country with whirlwind success. Our representatives making biggest money. Superior product. Intensive advertising backing. Sells 15c package. 31 piece dish set with every six package sale. Average day's work thirty housewives six packages each. Daily profit $18.00. Positive repeater. Send at once for proposition and sample. Great American Co., 430-F, Green, Chicago.

WE ARE PUTTING ON 500 MORE AGENTS for the biggest Fall national selling campaign in our company's history. A wonderful opportunity for you. Paying men and women $3.00 to $5.00 an hour, full or spare time. No delivering or collecting. Free samples and outfit. Write now. B. A. Thill, Sales Manager, 205 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS — BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 80 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

CREW MANAGERS—AGENTS. OPALINE paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make $1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-12, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

NEWEST THING OUT—LITHOGRAM INItials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c. Brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 22, East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—LEARN HOW I MADE $50,000 canvassing for portraits. Beginners can clear $100 weekly, experienced men make more. We furnish samples free, credit you and guarantee delivery. Free circular "Profits in Portraits" explains all. Friedman United Art Studio, Dept. 1, Chicago.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 13 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, BEAT THIS —Plummer banked $425.50 in 20 days selling snappy line of Allan made-to-measure raincoats. Big profits. No capital required. No delivering. Selling outfit free. Write quick for full particulars. Allan Manufacturing Company, Dept. 100, Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.29. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

MAKE $25 TO $50 WEEK REPRESENTING Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 34, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED TO TAKE ORDERS FOR guaranteed tailor made clothes, all wool pants $3.50. Send for our handy carrying line 100 samples. Experience not necessary. Jay Rose & Co., 411 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 350.

AGENTS—REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. TWO coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: A BRAND NEW HOSIERY PROPosition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 611, Dayton, Ohio.

WE PAY $8 A DAY TAKING ORDERS FOR Insyde Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B213, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAKE $100 WEEKLY SELLING ROLLY'S Washday Wonder. New chemical dirt solvent. Harmless. Cleans without rubbing. Want agents and crew managers. Free samples and particulars. Rolly Chemical Co., K2, Hastings, Nebraska.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573, Broadway, New York.

NEW INVENTION. OIL GAUGE FOR Fords. Sells on sight. Big profits. Small investment. Exclusive territory. Unusual opportunity for agents and salesmen. Address Sales Mgr., 514 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS—$2 AN HOUR; MARVELOUS DIScovery; saves housewife dollars and hard work; household necessity; big 25c repeater; write for free samples and territory. Jiffy Soap Products Co., Dept. 4, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION, sells on sight. Everybody a prospect. Get in on ground floor and build an independent, dignified business. Desk 16, Kanard Co., Dayton, Ohio.

SALES AGENTS AND SOLICITORS WANTed. Clean cut, legitimate proposition. Sell direct to user and get others to solicit in your allotted territory. Big profits. Write for territory. Drawer "L," Erie, Pennsylvania.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

PATENT DEVICE ENABLES ANYONE TO cut their own hair. Agents double their money at our reduced prices. Sample one dollar. Sanitary Manufacturing Supply, Akron, Ohio.

AGENTS—EVERY WOMAN WANTS JOLLY- Molly house dresses. Big profits. No capital needed. Commission advanced. Domestic Products Co., 15 Davies Bldg, Dayton, O.

HURRAH! GREAT NEWS. LUCKY "11" now at pre war prices. You can coin money from now till Christmas. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Dept. 409, Chicago.

AGENTS: SELL 20th CENTURY WASHING Compound. Big profit. Write for particulars; 20c for sample. Lacon Specialty Co., Lacon, Ill.

350% PROFIT SELLING KLEAN-RITE Magic Clothes Washing Wonder. Sells 25c. Profit 19c. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-G8 Irving Park, Chicago.

BIG PROFITS IN PORTRAITS AND ODD sized frames. Sample and catalogue free. Credit to honest agents. N. W. Friedman & Co., Manufacturer, Martinsburg, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

CLERKS (MEN, WOMEN), OVER 17, FOR postal mail service. $130 month. Examinations September. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MEN REPRESENT CORPORATION BY interviewing business men at home or traveling. Nothing to sell. Equipment furnished you free. Earnings from $2000 to $9000 yearly. Blade, 3509 White Plains Avenue, New York.

HUNDREDS MEN - WOMEN, OVER 17, wanted as Government railway mail clerks. Commence $110 month. Steady. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. P 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BIG MONEY MADE SILVERING MIRRORS, metal plating, refinishing. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WANTED — MAN OR WOMAN HANDY with tools in every township in U. S. A. Address Chas. M. Nichols, Lindsey, Wis.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime; home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE experts, $35 week. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 404, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 636 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES MAKE BIG MONEY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN. BECOME DRESS DESIGNERS, $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL BEFORE YOU READ The Texas Investor. Knowledge is power. As an experienced operator, in my Weekly Magazine, I give you facts and information that you positively cannot afford to be without. A few dollars invested right and at the right time can do more than thousands invested thoughtlessly. My new syndicate plan of handling valuable leases in richest oil field in the world is placing those who are co-operating with me in line for tremendous profits. Write for trial subscription free. C. C. Cannan, 649 Cannan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL: INVEST IN SILver mine. Large profits certain. Small investment will bring fortune. Particulars free. Chester Mining Syndicate, Allamore, Texas.

OIL—FOR EACH ORDER FOR 50 SHARES of our capital, we give one 40 acre oil lease free. Write Frank Strickland Produce Exchange, Kansas City, Missouri.

SEND DOLLAR BILL HE MAY PYRAMID to fortune. Full information. Dollar Bill, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete theatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PATENTS

PROTECT YOUR RIGHTS, WRITE FOR "Record of Invention" which contains form to establish evidence of conception of your invention. Prompt personal service. Preliminary advice without charge. J. Reaney Kelly, 612-O Columbian Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

HOW AND WHAT TO INVENT FOR profit, free. Patents for sale. Patent News-140, Washington, D. C.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

MUSICAL

TEACH YOURSELF TO SING. HAVE YOU the ambition to sing? If so, let us send you our System which will enable you to achieve this wonderful art. Post prepaid on receipt of $2.00. Address The La Ponsa Vocal System, 625, 410 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

PERSONAL

MEN — NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case or tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN, HAVE STRENGTH, COURAGE AND vitality. Take Yebots, the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Quickly and permanently restores strength to those suffering from despondency, nervous, weak, rundown condition. Desired results absolutely obtained. Price $2.00. Three boxes $5.00. B. G. Tobey Co., 278 N. Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY FOR WEALTH, HAPPINESS — Hundreds rich, attractive, congenial willing to wed. Photos free. 25 years' experience. Mrs. Warn, 507 Lankershim Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

GUARANTEED: HAIR GROWN ON BALD heads $10. Superfluous hair killed $5.00. Write Knapp Trio, 378 Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — GIRL, 19, WORTH $35,000; widow, 40, worth $55,000; hundreds wealthy. List free. Sunflower Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY. MANY WEALTHY. BEST, MOST successful; quickest results. Write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, California.

DIVORCE AND MARRIAGE LAW QUEStions confidentially answered by mail. $1. Legal Information Bureau, Syracuse, New York.

COLORED PEOPLE! ARE YOU LONEsome? If so, write the old reliable Ebony Correspondence Club, Box 22 Carson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WHY BE LONESOME? SEND STAMPED envelope. Chicago Friendship Club, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. Sent sealed. Box 1511-B, Memphis, Tenn.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LADIES DESIRING HUSBAND OF WEALTH and health, write Box 33, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

IF YOU WANT HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio, enclosing stamped envelope.

GET MARRIED. 100 NAMES & ADDRESSES with descriptions, for 25c coin only. R. Cor. P. O. Box 38, Bridgewater, Mass.

CHRIST-PRACTIC MADE THOUSAND SUCcessful healthy and happy. Why not you? Write today. 6206 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORREspondence Club." Particulars free. Mrs. Keens, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WILL YOU WRITE LONELY WIDOW worth $60,000? Pearce, Box 2144, Jacksonville, Fla.

LADY FARMER, WORTH $60,000 WANTS A husband. N-Box 1124, League, Detroit, Mich.

BACHELOR, 32, WORTH $30,000, WANTS wife. R-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MERCHANT, 35, WITH $40,000 WILL marry. P-Box 325, Club, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WEALTHY WIDOW, 23, WOULD MARRY again. F-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Alice Johnson, 1751 St. Luke St., Augusta, Ga., wishes to hear from, or concerning brother, Eddie Land, 35 years old. Last heard from in T. B. Camps, Utah City, Utah, during February, 1920. He is 5 ft. 8 in. tall, has black hair, gray eyes and fair complexion; occupation is salesman.

FREE
For 10 Days Wear

4
Ladies' La Valliere
Solid gold throughout. Chain 15 in. long. One-half carat guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, artistically mounted in genuine latest style black enameled circle. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3 per month.

Put It Beside a Diamond

To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful gems are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act while this special offer holds good.

Solid Gold Mounting

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which article you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in such small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not want to keep it, return it at our expense.

Remarkable Gem Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance, a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money—Just the Coupon

No references, no money, no obligation upon you in any way! The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here or the LaValliere or Scarf Pin for 10 days' wear free. If you keep it you pay same low price as before the war—and on most liberal easy terms.

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Every one set in latest style solid gold mounting. Decide after the 10 days' wear whether you want to keep it or not. You don't risk a penny. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money—only the coupon.

THE TIFNITE COMPANY

511 S. Plymouth Ct. Dept. 1907 Chicago, Illinois

1
Flat Belcher Ring
Solid gold mounting, with flat wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

2
Ladies' Ring
Solid gold mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

3
Tooth Belcher Ring
Solid gold six-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3 per month.

5
Scarf Pin
Solid gold throughout. A beautiful open circle mounting. Half carat guaranteed Tifnite Gem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

How To Order Rings

To get right size ring, cut a strip of paper so that ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of finger on which you want to wear ring. Be careful that measuring paper fits snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with the order coupon.

THE TIFNITE CO.

511 S. Plymouth Ct., Dept. 1907, Chicago

Send me..... No..... on 10 days' approval. When ordering ring be sure to enclose size as directed. If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 upon arrival and balance at rate of $3.00 per month until price $12.50 is paid. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days at your expense.

Name .....

Address .....